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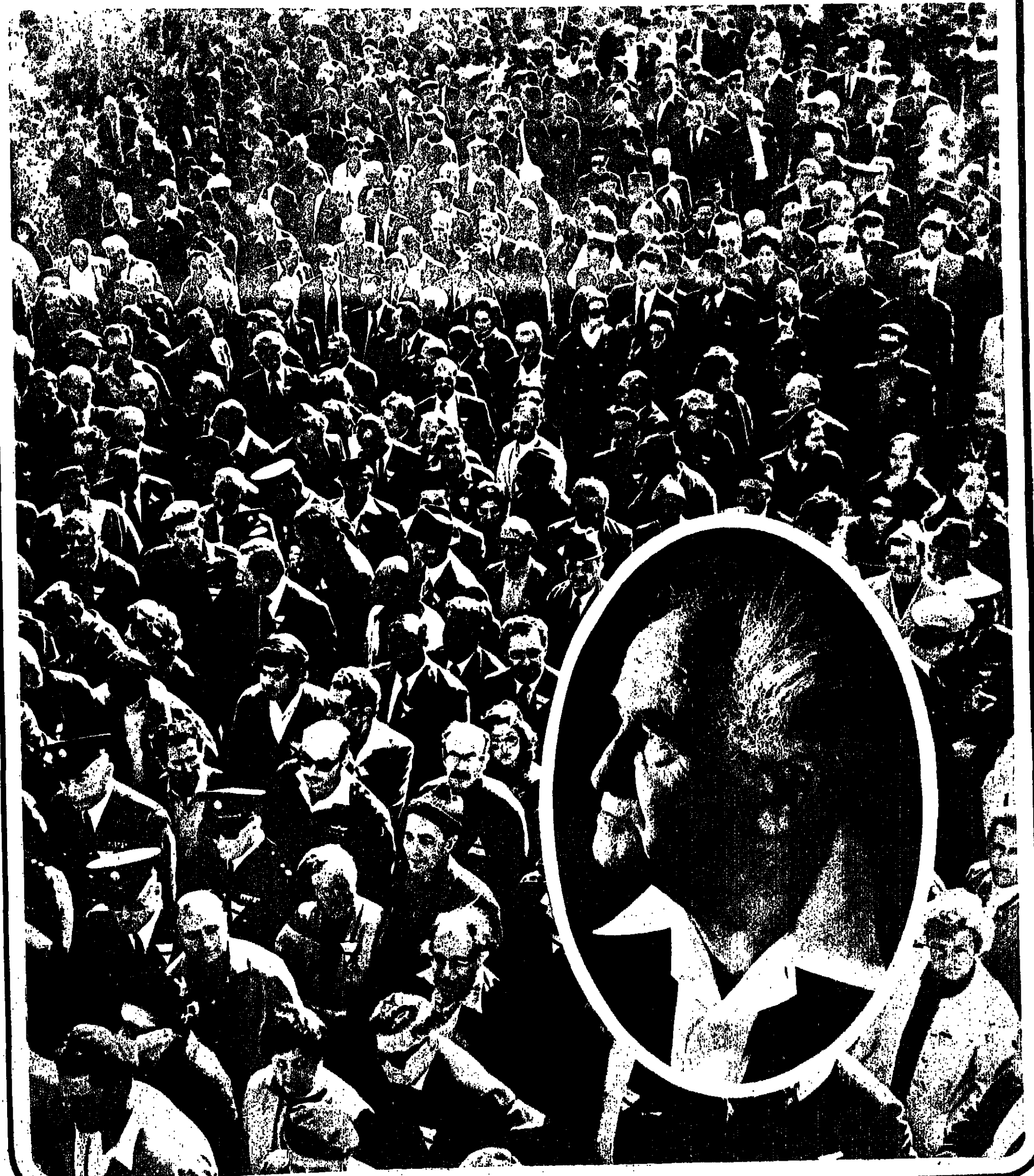
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**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, December 7, 1973

*The "Old Man" departs*



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## THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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Cover picture: The people mourn Ben-Gurion at the Knesset.  
(David Rubinger, Insert: Alfred Bernheim)

The Book Section. Studies of two recently dead poets: Lohi Bar-Yehon on W.H. Auden; Curtis Aronson on Avraham Shlosky's last volume of Hebrew verse. Reviews of books on Kabbalah, Byzantine Jewry, a history of the State of Israel's first 25 years, and a novel by Michael Frayn.

Meir Ronnen looks at what is being done to relieve the country's artistic gloom. Gallery Guide.

Ephraim Kishon calls on the people to look facts in the face.

Yohanan Boesh on a musical man of the world. Mendel Kohansky on the need for a new attitude in the Israeli theatre.

Television by Philip Gilon; Radio by Zeev Schul.

Crossword. George Levinow's Bridge column and Elisha Shahaf's Chess column.

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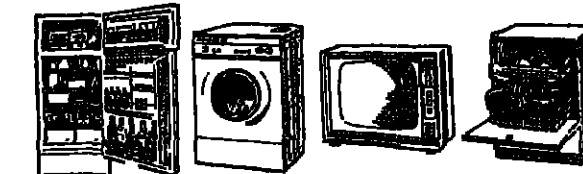
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HAGAI LEWENSOHN AYRON

A KIND OF mental trap was sprung when David Ben-Gurion, chief builder of the State of Israel, died last week before the War of 1973 was well over and with the possibility of crucial talks in the near future. "End of an era" made a neat headline for the reports abroad.

The trap was tempting, but we need not fall into it ourselves. Ben-Gurion was not the architect of an aggressive, expanding Israel that will now, since he is gone, shrink and become docile; perhaps even disappear if Colonel Gaddafi were to have his wish.

Ben-Gurion's public life began in 1910, when he came to Jerusalem to write on behalf of his party, and ended a decade ago, in 1963, when he retired from the premiership and went down to Sde Boker to live. Politically, his "era" ended then. His ideas of national independence and statehood were in fact directed more towards the Jews themselves, towards permanent freedom from the doubtful citizenship, the half-citizenship, of the Jews in Russia and elsewhere. He always warned that it could only be done by building something new.

When Ben-Gurion arrived in Palestine in 1908 he had not the slightest desire to remain even for a night in Jaffa, where he had left his ship, but made his way at once to the Jewish settlement of Petah Tikva.

Neither the effendis nor the impoverished workers of Jaffa appealed to him. There was ample room for new life in the sparsely inhabited, Turkish-ruled Palestine of that day. His search was far less for territorial independence than for personal emancipation, for self-determination and political responsibility.

It was not until he had been working at the village of Sejera for some time and experienced Arab raids that he understood the full nature of Arab hostility to Jewish settlement. He also saw the failure of the Turkish governor to do anything about it; a failure that was to be matched precisely by the failure of the British Mandatory authorities 30 years later to do anything about Arab assaults. British officials felt, even then, that Arab hostility was a legitimate factor in the political equation and many turned a blind eye to it when they could. Another 20 years later, the U.N. was to accept this violence with the same meekness.

The case for Jewish self-defence was no hawkish extravagance of Ben-Gurion's, but a sober estimate of the situation.

IN 1947 HE began to address the seventh and eighth classes of high schools. He told them, "If there is a U.N. decision for Partition for the establishment of separate Jewish and Arab states in Palestine, the Arabs will not accept it. They are liable to launch a preventive war, and if they do so they may have the support of (what was then) Transjordan, Syria, Lebanon and Egypt. The yishuv will survive and the state be established only if we are willing to defend it by force of arms. It is your generation that will have to do this. It is your decision whether the state is to come into being at this price."

I want to hear one of these addresses and came away deeply shocked. I went to protest to a friend in the Jewish Agency Political Department, a close associate of Ben-Gurion's, Reuven Shiloah, who died a number of years ago. "Ben-Gurion is war-mongering," I said. "To tell these children they will have to fight, that all depends on them, can precipitate war."

Reuven said, "No. We know that the Arabs intend to fight. They believe we are weak and that they can move in as the British move out. When that happens, it will be too late to start warning and preparing." A good many British officials thought the same, and a few liked to

# THE DAY OF BEN-GURION

Lea Ben Dor



say that we would be pleading for them to come back and rescue us a week after they left.

BEN-GURION was right, of course. On May 15, 1948, seven Arab states attacked the fragile structure that was to be the Jewish half of Palestine, and even relatively peaceful King Abdullah, the grandfather of Hussein, fired a symbolical pistol across the Jordan.

500 people were killed by incessant artillery and mortar fire, some of it directed by the British officers of the Arab Legion. Ben-Gurion took the decision to proclaim the state, obtaining only a narrow majority in the Zionist General Council; he had made sure there would be a fighting force. He threw out an elaborate draft constitution, arguing that "the Jewish nation has not yet been assembled here, and we are not entitled to make final decisions on its behalf," and read out instead a brief Declaration of Independence. It was this document that was read at the funeral ceremony at the Knesset on Monday, and no speech could have been as movingly appropriate; it is fortunate that he asked that there should be no eulogies.

IF WE are to consider today why Ben-Gurion enjoyed so wide a measure of confidence, why the people voted for his party for a generation and more, why he could return Gaza and withdraw from Sinai, and people said, "if he has agreed, it must be necessary," and their faith in him was no whit undermined, we may understand today that it was precisely this gift of foresight. You could not watch the endless column walking silently past his bier without knowing there was a deep nostalgia here for another leader to convey this feeling of deep confidence.

Over the years, he had always seen what was coming. If you read the many volumes of his speeches and essays, you begin to understand that he spent much time trying to formulate the problems that faced us: the reasons for Arab hostility; the reasons for British unwillingness to continue with the Mandate, unless the Jews would accept a status much less independent than that offered by the original Mandate; the fact that Russia and the U.S. met for a brief moment in wishing Britain out of the Middle East, without being quite willing to underwrite the emergent Jewish state; and after the establishment of the state, the quick disappointment in the U.N., their inability, their unwillingness to take action against Arab infiltrators and saboteurs.

A relationship of respect and almost friendship developed between Ben-Gurion and Dag Hammarskjöld, the U.N. Swedish Secretary-General. Hammarskjöld said the U.N. banned violence, and even if Arab states fired across the border, or sent infiltrators, Israel must only protest. It was illegal under U.N. regulations to shoot back.

After weeks, perhaps months, of thought, Ben-Gurion produced the formula that borders were two-way organizations. Either they were truly impenetrable, or they were open in both directions. There could not be a situation in which infiltrators crossed the borders to kill and sabotage and great statesmen because he could know they would be safe if they raced back again across an invisible line. Safe because the U.N. not only was powerless to do anything about their raids, but because after a short time the Soviet veto in the Security Council even prevented censure of Arab border attacks. It is well to remember that the reprisal raids grew out of this situation and so did the wars that followed.

There were critics, in Israel as well as elsewhere, who argued that even at that time, that the military action was excessive, that it caused escalation because it hurt Arab pride and prestige, and they felt deeply obligated to react to the reaction.

INDEED, THE U.S. in the 'fifties prevailed on Israel at one stage to take a secret and silent decision not to react for a while. This was after Ben-Gurion had gone down to Sde Boker the first time, in 1953, and the premiership had passed to the late Moshe Sharett, who believed and hoped

that fighting could somehow be avoided. The secrecy was essential, for obvious reasons. At first, there was an incident here, an incident there and the defence forces only went through the motions of firing back. For a few weeks, relative quiet seemed to reign. The incidents began again, and again there was no response. They began to build up. On the day that Sharett said, hopefully, that there had been no serious incidents for a period of weeks, four tractor drivers were murdered near the border of the Jerusalem corridor to the plain. The system had failed. It is to be tried again now, on a larger scale, and we may pray that after so many battles and many men dead on both sides it may work.

IT IS ALSO time to remember today that although Ben-Gurion remained in office until he was old — and carried on a wild and ferocious battle against aspects of his successor's regime after that — he believed greatly in letting young members of the party rise to responsible positions. As Defence Minister, he introduced a system of quick promotions for the capable in the forces, followed by early retirement. He drew around himself a group that became known as the Young Circle — Dayan, Eban, Peres, Almog, who have survived to be the middle-aged leaders of today, when there is no longer any visible young circle. He pressed his views sharply in the government, though he would, reluctantly, let himself be outvoted on so important an issue of whether an attempt should have been made after 1948 to hold the Hebron area in order to make Jerusalem more safe.

BEN-GURION, the self-taught, pleaded for more education for all. His first thought was for the rebuilding of a nation guided by the traditions of Jewish thought, of justice, knowledge and peace. But he was a million miles from the Jewish insularity that rejects the knowledge and traditions of the rest of the world. In addition to the Bible he studied Greek in order to read the Greek philosophers and Spanish to read Don Quixote in the original. Despite political battles, with Britain in the last years of the Mandate, he had enormous interest and regard for British thought and tradition. He conceived the capture and trial of Eichmann and had it carried out because the nation needed to be purged of the Nazi trauma, and the world needed to learn the terrible truth it had tried to disregard. But he also found the courage to set about restoring relations with the Germans when he believed they had freed themselves of the Nazi poison, refusing to accept hatred of Germany as a part of the nation's permanent consciousness. He was not myopic. He believed de Gaulle to have been a great statesman because he rebuilt France after the disastrous, divisive years of the German occupation. After de Gaulle chose to break with Israel so brusquely in 1967 when he began to cultivate the Arab states, Ben-Gurion shrugged a shoulder and said that history would no doubt judge him by what he did for France, not what he did against Israel.

He was a man who could fight totally for his own cause and still retain a sense of proportion, and look at his people with a critical eye. He also retained a great simplicity. The saddest sentence I ever heard from him came after his retirement. He spoke of a leading party functionary who was opposing him sharply on many issues.

"I always thought he believed in my ideas. Now I see he simply agrees with prime ministers." That was something he would never have done himself.

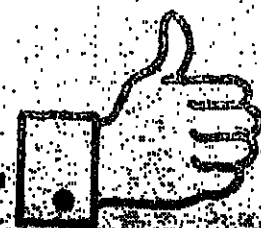
Lea Ben Dor, a long-time friend of the late Premier, was named by Ben-Gurion an executor of his will.

מכאן לאחור



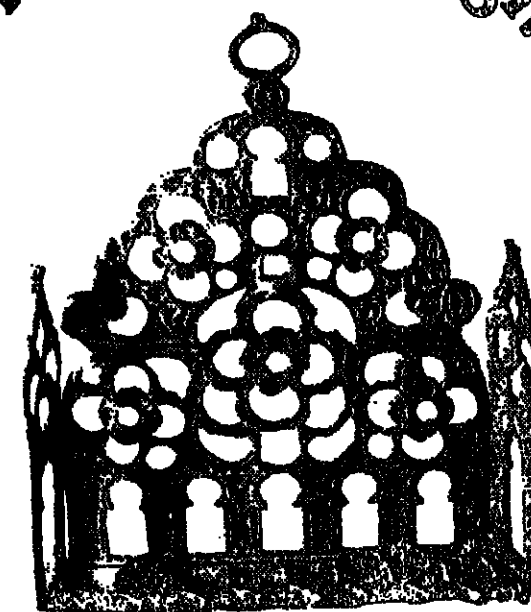
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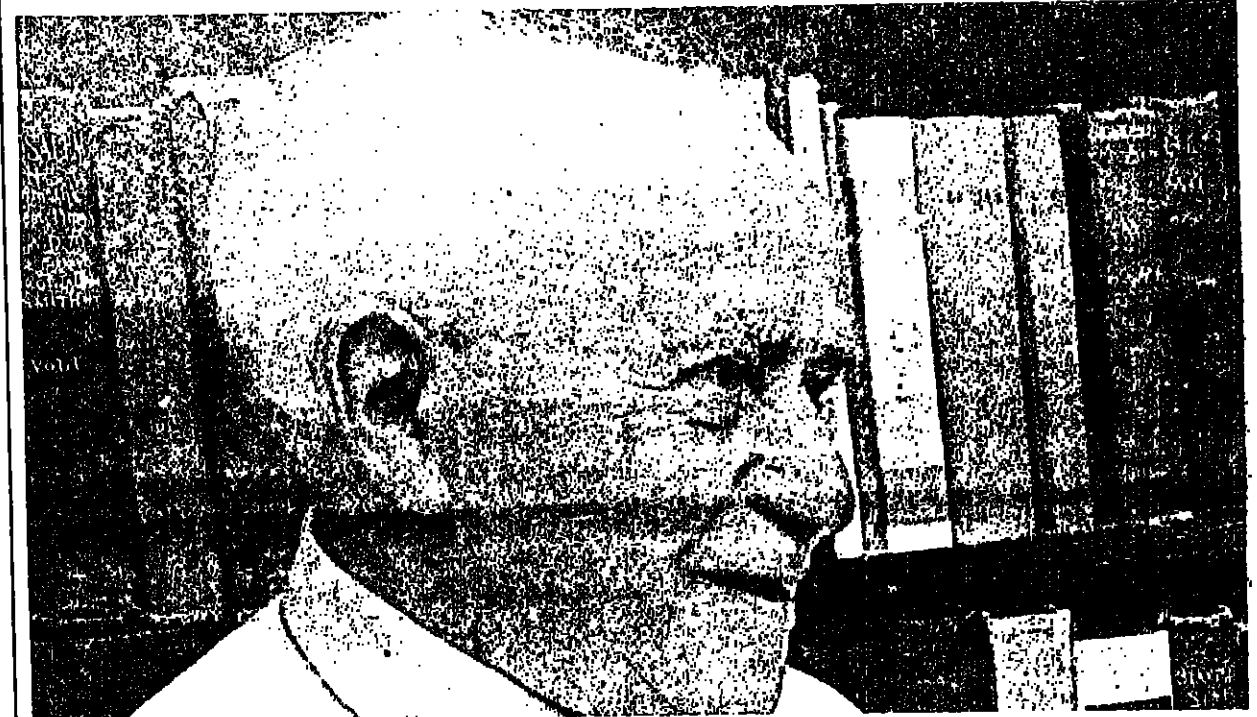
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1973



## The measure of the man

WHAT KIND of a man was Ben-Gurion?

During the 17 years I had the honour of working with him I was impressed most by his capacity to separate the significant from the trivial and by the enormous pains he took not to fritter away his time. He did not care for idle chit-chat, had no patience for funny stories, swallowed down his food as fast as he could, and had no room in his timetable for the fine arts.

He was punctual to a fault. He was never late for a meeting. When he had to finish something, nothing was allowed to stand in his way; no amount of pressure or persuasion could deflect him from the task in hand.

In his work, he would never rely on anyone but himself. He would not dictate to a secretary, but wrote everything in his own hand. Whenever he needed a quotation from the Bible from Plato or from Buddha, he would hunt it up himself. He did his own filing, and even developed his own filing system. He was meticulous about dates and facts and figures, and would not forgive himself or anyone else for carelessness in this area.

His work output was prodigious. I once watched him dash off 30 letters on different subjects in one hour. He also knew how to relax. He could put aside all his official duties to read a book or an article which happened to interest him — and the speed at which he read was breathtaking. His memory, too, was extraordinary. Years after a conversation, he could repeat it word for word.

He never lost his capacity for learning. He was nearly 60 when he began to study ancient Greek, Renaissance Spanish and modern French — all these in addition to the seven languages he had already mastered: Hebrew, Yiddish, Russian, German, English, Turkish and Arabic.

His intellectual pursuits were always closely related to the progress of his career. As a very young man in his native Russia, it was the study of the history of the Jewish people that interested him most. When he went to university in Turkey, he chose law as his subject, and his legal training was always apparent in his precise formulation of documents — as, for example, the Proclamation of Independence.

While he was in America during World War I, he became interested in the geography of men; but whoever reads his eulogies of Eretz Yisrael and, together with Yitzhak Ben-Zvi, wrote a textbook on the subject. Before taking up the post as Secretary-General of the Histadrut in 1921, he delved into the literature of modern so-

### Shimon Peres

cialism including the complete writings of Lenin. During the years immediately preceding the establishment of the State, he was powerfully drawn to ancient Greek philosophy, and there is no doubt that Plato and Aristotle had a great influence on his conception of the future Jewish state.

When war with the Arabs became a certainty, he began to devour military literature; he was especially fascinated by Thucydides, whose work he read and re-read. During his last years, he took up the study of biology, and found a great challenge in his research into the structure of the human brain.

There was one book which he never stopped studying from the time he learned to read: the Bible.

His insatiable intellectual curiosity for analysis and examination did not, however, impair his capacity to make decisions. A man of unusually strong will and character, Ben-Gurion would not allow any subject to pass him by without taking a definite position on it. And when he took that position, he would stick by it even if he were the only man in the world to do so. He was no stranger to doubt, but he could never be neutral about anything of importance. Expert opinion never seemed to awe him. "All the experts are experts on what has been; there are no experts on what is going to be," he used to say.

BEN-GURION was a great realist with a profound respect for facts. But he was also a great visionary, who believed that the only facts that are durable are those that have an historical meaning. He was a very bold man who insisted that progress is only achieved by bold men. But he was also a man with a very great sense of responsibility. The hardest task he ever faced, he said, was informing parents of the death of a son in battle.

He used to start his working day in a remarkably calm frame of mind. He was never shaken by defeat or calamity and he never shirked a battle. He acquired the reputation of a man who is a stranger to his fellow-men; but whoever reads his eulogies of deceased comrades will realize that he knew them through and through. He was reputed to be without sentiment; but whoever reads his love letters to his wife, Paula, will realize

that, deep down, he was a romanticist. He was said to be quick to anger; but whoever examines his outbursts closely enough will realize that they were a mingling of impulse and method. He was also widely believed to be a very lonely man; but whoever saw him with people could not but realize that he needed the society of men as much as he needed air to breathe.

Ben-Gurion detested the counterfeit and the illusory. He looked cruelty in the eye, and he knew full well that one must pay a cruel price to overcome it. He knew that this would require sacrifices and he said so openly and without evasion. They say, and rightly so, that he foresaw the future. But first and foremost he saw the present. He saw it as it was, without any embellishment.

His personality was master of his talent, but his vision was master of his personality. He was still no more than a child when he made the decision to grapple with the fate of the Jewish people and to change the course of their history. He was well aware of the physical weakness of his people — "the smallest among the nations" — but he also believed firmly in the spiritual vigour of this "chosen people." If ever there was a perfect conjunction of individual and history, it was this meeting between David Ben-Gurion and the Jewish people.

He was blessed with an extraordinary faculty for always being in the right place, always saying the right thing, always doing what he said he was going to do. He knew the world, and was not afraid to challenge it. He knew his own people and did not flinch from leading them. He fought for a sovereign place for them in a changing world. He offered an independent homeland to a people that had become inured to exile and dependence.

Towards the end of his life it became obvious that, in the eyes of the world, he was a member of that select group of giant statesmen of this century which includes Churchill, de Gaulle, Adenauer and Mao Tse-tung, all brilliant men, strong-willed and cast in an heroic mould. Such men rise high above the average and the mundane, illuminating the surrounding darkness like volcanoes that refuse to be extinguished.

Such a man was David Ben-Gurion.

Shimon Peres, the Minister of Transport and Communications, served as Director-General of the Ministry of Defence under Ben-Gurion.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVEN

הכנסת ה-17



THE STRUGGLE had been going on for a very long time, far longer than anybody had ever dreamt it would. A peace of sorts was finally patched together; immediately this was done the two parties inside the state, whose squabbles had only been partially muted by the war, raised their heads again. Before long, the hawks gained the upper hand, renewed the conflict, and put their general at the head of the army. No sooner had that army set out than the doves turned the political tables, recalled the general on some trivial pretext, and saw their own nominee lead the army to a disaster from which their country never recovered.

A horror story for 1874? Hopefully not. Athens, 412 B.C. The war against Sparta had been going on for 16 years; Pericles, the only leader strong enough to impose his authority on all parties, had already died in the plague. Beaten on the sea and unable to reach its enemy on land (Athens' famous long walls proved impregnable, and also, by linking the city to the port of Piraeus, safeguarded it against starvation), Sparta reluctantly accepted an unfavourable peace.

This, however, did not satisfy the Democratic Party, whose aggressive imperialist foreign policy had largely been responsible for the outbreak of the war. They now decided to finish off the enemy by striking at the roots of Spartan power, i.e. the sources of its food supply in Sicily, and to that end proposed to send an expeditionary force there. Alcibiades, Pericles' nephew and leader of the Democratic Party, pushed the scheme through the people's assembly and had himself elected commanding general. No sooner had he embarked on the operation, however, than the dovish Oligarchic Party gained the upper hand in the popular assembly and had Alcibiades recalled on a trumped-up charge of sacrilege.

Rather than face a court manned by his political enemies, Alcibiades went over to Sparta and advised it how to foil his own plans. Worse followed; for the people now elected Nicias of the Oligarchic Party to take over command and continue the Sicilian expedition. Nicias' leadership of the adventure had been originally opposed naturally proved hesitant and half-hearted; it ended appropriately enough, with the annihilation of the expeditionary force.

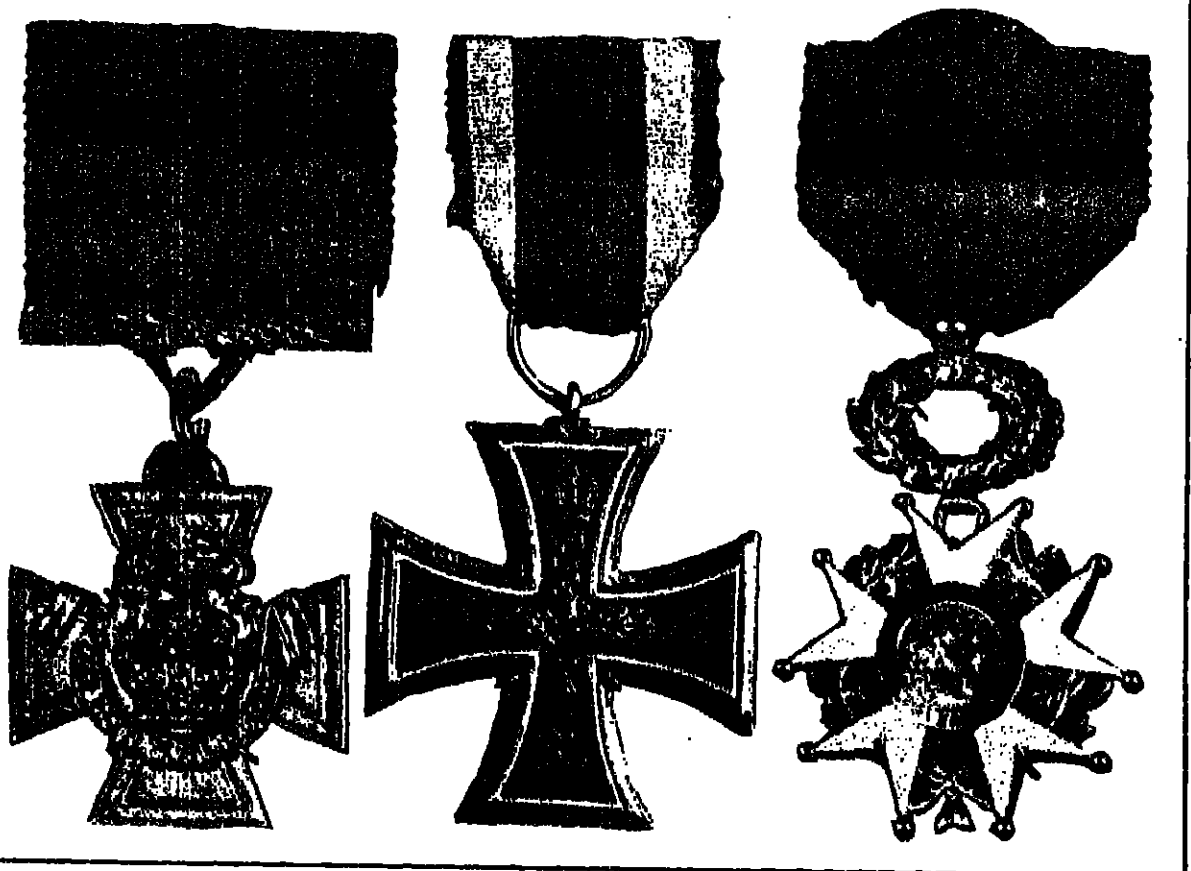
Insofar as all wars are waged by men and organizations, each of which necessarily has its own particular axe to grind, such intrusions of domestic political rivalry into the field of national strategy are inevitable. Yet it is the responsibility of the supreme authorities to see that such intrusions are as limited as possible; to fail to do so is to court disaster.

ONE EXAMPLE of the principles on which war should not be waged is provided by the Spanish Empire under Philip II.

From 1586 to 1588 Spain, then the strongest power in the world, was engaged in a running struggle with its rebellious Dutch subjects, who were supported by Queen Elizabeth of England. This gave rise to two factions around King Philip, one consisting of soldiers under the Marquess of Santa Cruz, who wanted to deal with England before crushing it; the Dutch, the other under his despotic rival and competitor for the King's favour, the soldier-Duke Medina Sidonia, who thought the Dutch should be finished off before Elizabeth was tackled. The King, astutely, as he thought, played the two factions off against each other, steering an uneasy course between them, and finally decided in favour of the former for domestic political reasons that had nothing to do with the strategic problem at hand. Santa Cruz having died in the meantime, Philip then proceeded to put his rival, Medina Sidonia, at the head of the famous Armada.

# THE WARS OF THE GENERALS

One of David Ben-Gurion's most highly regarded achievements was in establishing a national, all-citizen army, wholly divorced from internal politics. But the danger of military politicking is ever present. History, says MARTIN van CREVELD, affords ample proof of the grave consequences.



Not only did the duke have difficulty in preventing his land soldiers from coming to blows with the sailors; he also failed to coordinate his plans with those of another Spanish general, Prince Alexander Farnese. As the commander who had brought the Spanish forces in the Netherlands within sight of victory, the latter was loath to see his troops sent chasing wild geese (and a beautiful woman of ill repute, Mary Stuart) in England. The ultimate result of all these conflicting interests was that no landing in England was even attempted, while the largest fleet that had ever put to sea was shot to pieces.

If inter-party squabbles have often affected the outcome of wars, so have struggles between military and civilian authorities. The history of Prussia — from 1871 onward, that of Germany — between 1818 and 1819 is largely the story of the growth in the power of a single institution, the General Staff, which did not take place without civilian resistance, and was often detrimental to national policy. The star of the General Staff was in the ascendant from the time of its foundation by Gerhard von Scharnhorst, but when war broke out in 1866, the civilians under Chancellor Otto von Bismarck were still sufficiently strong to prevent the General Staff from committing a potentially disastrous political blunder by annexing territories belonging to the defeated Austrian Empire. This proved to have been a fatal political error, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out four years later, Austria stayed neutral.

The Chief of the General Staff, Helmuth von Moltke, however, had not forgotten the snub administered to him by Bismarck, and was determined to get his revenge by excluding the Chancellor from all questions relating to the direction of war. In this, unfortunately, he succeeded, and during the war against France, Bismarck was neutralized to such effect that he had to depend on the newspapers for information.

Chancellor and Chief of the General Staff found themselves at loggerheads over the desirability of bombarding Paris, which the one insisted was a political, the other a military problem; and since communication between the two had broken down, Bismarck would not even grant Bismarck access to his headquarters. Bismarck had to carry the matter into the open and, instead of conducting a rational discussion on strategy, instigated a public campaign of ridicule against his rival in order to gain his ends. He was not completely successful, for when the peace treaty was signed, Moltke, in the teeth of Bismarck's opposition, insisted on retaining Alsace-Lorraine. This was straight to the catastrophe that was World War I.

BY VIRTUE of being not a short and victorious campaign but a prolonged struggle that imposed tremendous strains on all the belligerents, that war again provides a wealth of examples of internal policy affecting national strategy. If Athens lost the Peloponnesian War through its inability to keep

priority.

As Supreme Commander, it was the Kaiser's duty to decide between the warring generals; instead of supporting his Chief of Staff, however, he hesitated, procrastinated and, finally, surrendering to Ludendorff's threat to resign, saw the latter take over not only military but also civilian affairs. From 1916 to 1918, Germany came close to being a military dictatorship as in any period of its history. Rejecting all civilian counsels in favour of moderation as unwarranted interference in his authority, Ludendorff steered Germany straight to surrender in the railway coach at Compiègne.

With Hitler in the saddle, the Germany that waged World War II was very far from being a military dictatorship; however, the Fuehrer feared and distrusted his collaborators and never ceased to play them off against each other. In this he succeeded only too well. In the Army, the Foreign Office was known as *Das Idiotenkriegsamt*. Navy and Air Force entertained an intense hatred for each other. Younger officers were encouraged to question the views of their superiors.

After 1941, Hitler actually had two separate General Staffs, to wage his war on land, the members of which were hardly on speaking terms and constantly tried to steal each other's resources. Hitler's policy was a brilliant success insofar as his own position remained undisputed until he was buried under the ruins of his crumbling Reich; but at the same time, the system of divide and rule made a crucial contribution to defeat by preventing anything like a rational discussion of strategy from taking place.

THE LAST YEARS of the British Mandate in Palestine saw sectarianism and party politics carried to extreme lengths within the Yishuv. Each of the main political parties — Mapai, Ahdut Ha'avoda, Revisionists, and Mizrachi — had its own residential areas, its own economic enterprises, educational establishments and youth movement. The first three also had what might be described as their own underground armies, while the fourth could always call on the Haganah of the Lord. In establishing the Israel Defence Forces as a national army, and forcing the dissolution of both the I.Z.L. and the Palmah, David Ben-Gurion broke the power, not only of the parties to the left and right of Mapai, but also of his own party, which lost its character as a militant fighting organization and became the routinized bureaucracy that we know today. Still, to the extent that he aimed at, and largely succeeded in, ridding the army of sectarian interests, Ben-Gurion rendered this country a service of incalculable value.

More recently, however, party politics have made something of a comeback in the Israel Defence Forces. This was due to several factors, not least among which was the withdrawal from the scene of Ben-Gurion. Not only have retired army officers in increasing numbers started parachuting into politics — especially since the victory of June 1967 — but politics have penetrated into the army and seem to have played a role in the selection of officers for some top positions.

But, back-lash now appears to be in the making, and if it leads to the rebirth of the I.D.F. as a wholly non-political army, the gain will certainly be Israel's. For history shows that failure to separate politics and strategy, party rivalry and the army, and to define clearly their respective spheres of responsibility is to court disaster. The end of the Hashemite Kingdom in 67 B.C.E., let us remember, was hastened, if not caused, by the carrying of party politics into the field of foreign policy; let us hope this mistake is not going to be repeated.

THE TREATMENT of king and prophet by the sages differs according to the two types of Midrashim and sayings in the Talmudic literature dealing with Scripture. One elaborates the pictures drawn there, fills in blanks, and deepens the perspective, without altering the basic lines of the story. The second redistributes the lights and shadows.

The first type of Midrash keeps to the Biblical assessment of the relations between prophet and king, in which the king is wrong and the prophet is right. In the second, the kings are not always guilty and the prophets are not always right.

The story in I Kings, 22 is a most edifying example of the former type.

Here we are told of an encounter between a true prophet on the one hand, and a king and a group of false prophets on the other. The false prophets are not people of God. But we are told, they are "had with one voice given the king a favourable answer."

This is what roused King Jehoshaphat's suspicion. In the Talmud Tractate Sanhedrin 89a, Rabbi Yitzhak puts the following words into Jehoshaphat's mouth: "I was taught by my father: several prophets may see the identical signum (sign), but no two prophets prophesy in the identical signum (style)." And the fact that all 400 prophets spoke with one voice makes them suspect to Jehoshaphat.

The question was whether Ahab, king of Israel and Jehoshaphat, king of Judah should go to war against the Arameans in order to recover Ramot-Gilead. After the false prophets have given their answer, Jehoshaphat asks Ahab whether there is "no other prophet of God through whom we may seek guidance." Ahab mentions Michayhu the son of Imbah, whom, however, he hates, because he prophesies no good for me; never anything but evil."

Nevertheless, at Jehoshaphat's urging, a messenger is sent to fetch Micaiah, telling him that

# KING AND PROPHET

the prophets had with one voice given the king a favourable answer, and cautioning him: "and mind you agree with them."

When Micaiah arrives, his first statement is: "Attack and win the day; God will deliver into your hands" — a phrasing which can be interpreted as a sarcastic mimicry of what the false prophets had said. But then the king

of Naboth, whose vineyard Ahab had coveted, and whom Ahab's wife, Queen Jezebel, had framed and executed on a charge of blasphemy, so that her husband could take possession of the vineyard (I Kings, 21), Naboth is thus made the agent of Ahab's end. The identification of the spirit of Naboth with the spirit of Ahab is not a concoction of Rabbi Yohanan's: it is to be found earlier in Josephus' *Antiquities* (VIII, 404-410).

And here with Ahab doomed to pay in his misguided foreign policy for a crime he and his queen had committed on the domestic scene — we see how the prophets regarded domestic policy, social-class relations and foreign policy as one, integral whole.

AN EXAMPLE of the second type of Midrash, in which the Talmudic sages do not regard the story as to be found in Mishna Sanhedrin 10.2. This tells of three kings "who have no share in the world to come": Jeroboam, Ahab, and Memasseh. But Rabbi Yehuda excludes Memasseh, on the basis of what we are told in 2 Chron. 33, 10-20, to the effect that "in his distress he prayed to the Lord his God... and was very contrite before the God of his fathers..."

A good word is found even for Ahab. To be sure, Rabbi Yohanan says (Sanhedrin 102b) that "there is not a parcel of ground in Eretz Yisrael on which Ahab did not set up and worship an idol," but he also says: "How did Ahab earn 22 years on the throne?" Because he honoured the Torah, which is written in the 22 letters (of the Hebrew alphabet); for we are told (I Kings, 20) that when Ben-Hadad, king of Aram, laid siege to Samaria and demanded

that Ahab hand over his silver and gold and wives and sons, he replied: "I am yours and all that I have," but when Ben-Hadad then also demanded "everything you prize," asks Rabbi Yohanan, "everything you prize if not the Torah?" notwithstanding that Ahab did not observe the precepts of the Torah.

Furthermore, the very same Rabbi Yohanan who tells us how the spirit of the wronged Naboth was the agent of the downfall of King Ahab also uses Ahab to teach us (Tractate Zevachim 102a), the obligation to pay respect to kings, on the basis of I Kings 18, 48-49: "... Ahab mounted his chariot and set off for Jezreel. And God's hand came upon Elijah and he tucked up his robe and ran before Ahab all the way to Jezreel."

THE TALMUDIC SAGES do not spare even the great prophet Elijah, criticizing him for his harshness and shortness of temper. In Sanhedrin 113a-b we read: "Rabbi Yossé taught in Talmud: My master Elijah was short-tempered" — in other words, not only did he not defend the Jews but he even laid accusations against them. As we read in Midrash Rabba Shabbat 1.6:

"In I Kings 18, 14-16 we read that Elijah told God: 'Because of my great zeal for the Lord God of Hosts, for the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant.' The Blessed Holy One said: 'Is it your covenant?' Elijah said: '... and torn down Thy altars.' God said: 'Are they really your altars?' Elijah said: 'And put Thy prophets to death with the sword.' God said: 'That is correct.' M'prophets; so what? That to you?"

And because Elijah had spoken ill

of God's children, God thereupon told him: 'Go back and anoint... Elisha... to be prophet in your place.'

For it seems that the sages consider that what was ostensibly Elijah's list of complaints for God's sake was really a concern for his own skin, as Elijah's ultimate complaint is: "... And I alone am left, and they wish to take my life."

The sages even condemn the prophet Isaiah for saying (65): "... and I dwell among a people of unclean lips," and Moses himself for saying (Num. 20:10): "Listen to me, you rebels..."

On the other hand, the sages tell us of the sinful King Jeroboam II, son of Joash (Pessahim 87b):

"Rabbi Yohanan said: Why did Jeroboam son of Joash, king of Israel, deserve to be listed along with the kings of Judah (Hosea 1.1)? Because he would not listen to gossip about the prophet Amos. What was this gossip? We read (Amos 7:10-11): 'Amasia the priest of Bethel, reported to Jeroboam: "Amos is conspiring against you..." He says: 'Jeroboam shall die by the sword and Israel shall be deported far from their native land...' But Jeroboam said, God forbid that that righteous man should speak thus; and if he has spoken thus there is nothing that I can do, for he speaks the words that the Divine Presence has given him."

IN THE EYES of the sages, king and prophet were both wonderful gifts granted to the Jewish people. But just as the kings — even the greatest among them — do not escape criticism in the Scriptures, so the prophets, too, are viewed by the sages as people of flesh and blood, whose actions are by no means unimpeachable.

Text of a paper delivered at a symposium on "Types of Leadership in the Biblical Period" in honour of David Ben-Gurion's 85th birthday.

Translated and abridged by Moshe Kohn.

AS A RESULT of the Yom Kippur War, Christians are coming to realize that the two most crucial events for Jews in our century — and some hold this also to be true for Christians — are the Holocaust and the establishment of the State of Israel. In the 1970s these two events, more than the Vatican II declaration on the Jewish people, are the points on which Jewish-Christian relations pivot.

The two camps in the Churches, Catholic and Protestant, look at the same events, the same phenomena, and see different facts, or, seeing the same facts, give them irreconcilable interpretations. One faction sees Israel as an aggressor; the other, as defending itself against aggression. One sees Israel as a usurper and an intruder; the other sees Jews as returning to a homeland which has always known the Jewish presence. One sees Israel as the betrayer of an imperialistic and exploitative West or of convincing, capitalist Zionists; the other, as Israel as a modern miracle, the fulfilment of biblical hope and an act of faith.

It is obvious that beneath these divergent assessments there are competing faith perspectives, a set of presuppositions, many of them unexamined and unconsciously held. These perspectives determine what men see and do not see, and how they interpret what is discerned. At base, therefore, the problem Christians have with the existence of the State of Israel is theological.

Quite a few churchmen who deplore Israel's "imperialistic aggression" are scandalized by the "Jewish particularism" implied in Israel's existence, condemning its "tribal gods" and its alleged reversion to "tribal religion." In the name of a free-floating universalism, they proclaim a God

## CHRISTIAN COMMENT

# ANTI-ANTI-SEMITISM

Oikoumenikos

who is above making a fuss about "a little piece of real estate." They raise the question as to whether the Old Testament promises have not in reality been transferred to the Church and Judaism rejected, or imply that Judaism is a fossil-religion, outmoded by Christianity. Other Christians who support Israel make contrary affirmations.

The exploration of theological presuppositions explicit and implicit in both pro-Israel and anti-Israel postures is surely needed. One observable result will be that the patterns of theological stances towards Jews and Judaism will take shape. These are patterns that should be described and discussed, not merely among theologians but among sociologists. Explanations of the differences in the concepts of continuity and discontinuity between Christianity and Judaism; of particularism and universalism; of the spiritual and literal interpretation of the Old Testament, will be helpful in identifying these patterns.

The discussions one hears all over Israel these days (and nights) among scholars, as well as among all those who are vitally interested in the events of the past months, indicate that

such a study is long overdue. It has been reported in the studies carried out under the auspices of Yale University that anti-Semitism (as distinguished from non-anti-Semitism) is not the mere absence of anti-Semitism but the presence of a positive thrust against it, one having a discernable and measurable content of its own. The current lack of a proper designation for this phenomenon reflects a general unawareness of its existence. Yet, when a crisis such as the Yom Kippur War occurs, only the anti-anti-Semites can be counted on to stand with the Jewish people. The non-anti-Semites drifted along with the producers of petrol, the reporters of many newspapers, Communist propaganda, the call to a holy war.

Is it not, therefore, an urgent task for Christians to re-examine existing theologics for their implications for present day Jewish-Christian relations and for the existence of the State of Israel? This can be done by theologizing about Israel, the Church and the Synagogue, the concept of calling the chosenness, peoplehood, and covenantal promises, including the biblical promise, to be done, not only among an in-group, but with the people for the true attitudes of the Church or a nation are not always reflected in the declaration of the Ecumenical Theological Research Fraternity.

On that occasion, pilgrimage, contemplation, study and prayer in the Jewish, Moslem and Christian tradition brought together over 40 Seminar participants at the Ecumenical Institute of Advanced Theological Research at Tantur between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. The purpose of the seminar was to bring together into one community the rich variety of experiences that may only be possible in Israel, because this is the only place where the peoples of the three great monotheistic faiths live side by side, unlike anywhere else.

The HOPE Seminar was, first of all, a community experience of prayer. It was this in that the participants of different Churches, rites and languages were collectively introduced to the different forms of worship — of the three monotheistic faiths. There was also shared formal prayer at historic and commemorative sites, and contemplation of the scenes and sights and sounds of the life of Christ, as well as ample opportunity for the prayerful perception of the sacred in the secular in contemporary Israel.

In the old city of Jerusalem, as the call of the muezzin from the minaret blew forth its own message and meaning for contemporary Islam, the participants listened. In the land which fashioned the prayer of Jesus, the mission of the prophets of Judaism and the message of Mohammed for Islam, the HOPE participants lived, prayed and reflected for almost six weeks. As a community, they sought to understand better how man can integrate his ways of grasping the divine meaning that lives in the great religions.

Another HOPE Seminar is being convened for the summer of 1974.

הכזמן הנשל



"TELL THE PEOPLE back home that we've done well, very well," said the major angrily. "What's the matter with them? So we lost the first battle? Anybody can lose a battle. Look around you — we won the war."

We were talking at Adabieh, the small port south of the city of Suez. I know the major from Ashkelon. He, and some other soldiers around us, were night-seeing, just as I was. The scene was as quiet and tranquil as a picture postcard: two Israeli soldiers were fishing off the wharf, a couple of others were feeding a stray cat, a small patrol boat was the only evidence of military activity. "Look how large the area we've taken in Africa is," the major went on. "What do the people at home want from us?"

In Jerusalem, all the people I know are engaged in anguished discussions about where we are going, what is to happen in our politics, the wars of the generals, the fixing of blame.

Reuben, a paratrooper who was one of the first to cross the Canal in a rubber dinghy, is a bit vague about the battles for military woged in the high command while he was perched up a tree, shooting at Egyptian command cars.

"We know that Arik wanted to send tanks after us, and Gordish wanted to send supplies. We got tanks."

A cheerful, quickly adaptable soldier, his main concern at the moment is how to fight the flies and the fleas, with which the land of Goshen abounds. And he needs showers and reading matter.

"The jobniks get first go at the magazines — and such things. I was over at Fayid, and saw how they skimmed the comforts for the troops."

BOAZ, a medic who went over with Bren's division as part of the front-line Medical Corps unit, is still shaken by his experiences, as he tells stories that might come out of some black satire on war, like "Schweik" or "M.A.S.H." or "Catch 22." It is they were not so tragic. Because the front was so far from home, the Medical Corps was completely re-organized: doctors and medics were attached to the front lines, to give immediate first aid to casualties, who were then evacuated to a field hospital. This worked out marvellously for the wounded, not so well for the doctors and medics, who suffered the heaviest losses they have ever had to endure.

"We went across the Canal when only a portion of the armour was on the west side. Two of our five doctors never got across — one was killed, one went into a state of shock. We were shelled and shot at just like combatant troops. We tried to take refuge in a cinema, and were subjected to a Katyusha attack in which four people were killed. At first I thought I was going to die, and was plain terrified; later I became sort of philosophical, I told myself that if a Katyusha hit me, I wouldn't know."

Boaz tells stories about men short of ammunition that remind one of the skits on other countries at war. When I mention this, he says, "but I never expected it to happen to Zahal. I laughed at 'Catch 22' and 'M.A.S.H.' as if they had nothing to do with us."

He singles out for praise bordering on idolatry their one doctor, Rafi Israeli, who carried on their work virtually single-handed. Like some paratroopers gave the medics arms and ammunition captured from the Egyptians.

"We were naturally delighted when the cease-fire came," he says. "At first we couldn't believe it. Then the Egyptians broke it, and the fighting went on. But this time it was better. Still, we were very pleased when the final cease-fire was ordered."

He still has doubts whether fighting won't be resumed. For his part, he would gladly trade

areas for peace. "Demilitarized zones plus U.N. plus American guarantees — it shouldn't be so hard to work out."

When he got his first leave home, he wept like a child, thinking of the suffering he had seen among the wounded and the dead. But his second leave had a different effect; he had only one desire — to get back to his unit.

"I simply couldn't bear the atmosphere in Jerusalem," he says. "Morale is better at the front than at home."

But he insists that the commission of enquiry has got to

felt cheated; I just felt — enough, I want it to end. But I doubt whether there will be a permanent peace with the Arabs, all the hatred comes from their side. Still, even if we get a few years, that's something. During the last six years we've managed to live with the Arabs on the West Bank; I work with many of them, we have excellent relations. But the leaders don't want peace."

The wars of the generals sadden him. "This is no time for these quarrels," he insists. "They should have waited till it was all over. At this stage, it's not im-

Israel is more like America was in World War II than Israel itself was in 1967. Since everyone engages in a war according to his memory of the last one, this difference, this failure of the pattern to measure up to expectations, is partially responsible for the frustration felt on the home front.

Dr. Rivka Bar-Yosef, the head of the Work and Welfare Research Institute of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, is a member of a group of sociologists studying problems on the Jerusalem home front. She emphasizes that they have not done deep, basic re-

foresight, ran through many problems." For example, Dr. Bar-Yosef points out, nobody knew when bread and milk would arrive. Mothers would make two or three expeditions to their local shops to get them, and this was particularly hard, because they had children at home. They might have been able to find alternative sources of supply, but there was no transport available.

"The volunteers were very badly handled," she insists. "It was a great mistake to try to centralize the use of them, when obviously decentralization was called for. The use of volunteers should have been planned in advance; instead it was all done on an ad hoc basis. This led to endless bottlenecks and frustrations. There was an old-fashioned reluctance to use women, for instance, as lorry-drivers, whereas elsewhere in the Western world women are driving buses, too. We had transport standing idle, and volunteer drivers with nothing to do."

Another great factor contributing to our troubles on the home front was the credibility gap. People suspected that the news was unreliable, and became disorientated. As a result, rumours were easily accepted as facts.

"Even today, people are suspicious that they are not being told everything. How do we know what's true?" they demand.

Expectations with regard to Zahal had been far too high among some people, said Dr. Bar-Yosef; they had thought it invincible, perfect, quite different from everything else in Israel.

"Some are demanding: 'What became of the well-oiled machine?' Many younger people had been saying even before the War began that the high command was not as good as it had once been."

The new leaders may be suffering from what she calls "the Rebecca Myth," a comparison with a wonderful predecessor who never really was. There was certainly a widespread feeling that the Army had become more bureaucratized, more like other armies. And then came the intrusion of politics into Zahal, a devastating shock.

"For some time there has been an erosion of belief in leaders," she believes. "The football and Netivei Neft scandals did a lot of harm. People didn't say that the leaders were personally dishonest, but that they tolerated dishonesty and allowed conditions to deteriorate which encouraged the dishonest. But it was assumed Zahal was different — then it seemed to be the same."

The credibility gap seemed to be due to the belief that the public had to be sheltered from bad news, from being depressed. "This is a misconception. The public can take bad news without morale dropping: in fact, morale can be highest when the news is worst. Churchill knew this — he never tried to keep back bad news, and he united the country. Let people worry, and be anxious, and fearful, as long as they are united, feel they have a common aim, know where they are going, even when news was very bad. People want to participate, and they want to know the truth. They want a clear programme, and they want ideals. Both the Government and the Opposition failed them. In fact, only Ben-Aharon has made any attempt in recent years to give us social purpose, social ideals, and he paid for it."

"People don't want to live and fight only for a Jewish State, but for a better society," declares Dr. Bar-Yosef. "No political leader in need of an ideology and a flag. We simply have no banners, no flags, behind which to march into the future. That is why morale on the home front is low."

## Poet of a low, dishonest decade

Lois Bar-Yaacov

WAS W.H. AUDEN, as the London "Times" obituary would have it, "the outstanding English poet of his generation"? I, for one, will never know, for my love of Auden's poetry is entirely unsuited to an empyrean and impartial judgment. My feelings might fall more easily into the class of answers to the question: "was your mother beautiful?" It takes a great deal of stepping back to get distance enough to answer these queries.

All of which is very strange, for, naturally, I never knew Auden, and even have a slight suspicion that it's just as well that I didn't. I probably wouldn't have liked him. He was, after all, a rather snobbish and illiquid Englishman of a certain class, a graduate of an English private school (they say public), and Oxford, and from all evidence, took great delight, at least in his youth, in playing the role of the hero of "Lord of the Flies" to his admiring friends.

Already at the university, Auden's relationship with his fellow-belongs had fallen into a pattern. They were really of two kinds — teacher-to-pupil and The Colleagues. Those of us who automatically fell into the role of pupil went to him for instruction about poetry, our psychological ailments, the art of living and so on. The Colleagues — consisting pre-eminently of Christopher Isherwood (at Cambridge), Day Lewis and Rex Warner — were a little group (sometimes called "The Gang") who were rather like a shadow cabinet, the successors to the literary heritage of tomorrow.

(Stephen Spender, writing in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1955)

To understand my deep affection for and attachment to Auden's poetry, therefore, it is necessary to set aside, in a way, all purely personal aspects of his biography. (By the way, I am sure Auden would be most grateful for that approach. I noticed in a recent newspaper report that there is much soul-searching going on among his friends and acquaintances because he had made a specific request that they burn all his correspondence after his death and had asked that no biography be written.) One has to recollect, instead, something of the public atmosphere of the 1930s and 1940s when Auden's literary career began.

His first book, "Poems" was privately printed by Stephen Spender in 1932 while they were both still at Oxford. Another "Poems" containing "Paid on Both Sides: A Charade" and 30 poems, appeared in 1930. "The Orators" was published in 1932 and the "Dance of Death" in 1933. In 1937 Auden participated in the great pilgrimage of his generation when he went to Spain during the Civil War. In 1938 he travelled to China to see the Sino-Japanese War at first hand. Then, in 1939, just before the outbreak of World War II, he moved to the United States and took out American citizenship papers, an act which instituted the close of one phase of his life, literary and private. The beginning of his literary career, therefore, more or less coincided with the decade 1930-40, a period which he summed up brilliantly in one of his most famous poems, "September 1, 1939."

It opens:

I sit in one of the dives  
On Fifty-Second Street  
Uncertain and afraid  
As the close possibilities  
Of a low dishonest decade:  
Windows of evening and fair  
Wooers of evening and fair  
Obsessing our private lives;  
The unremembered odour of death  
Offends the September night.  
Even younger readers will no doubt be aware of the desperate character of the world political situation during that period. The west-



ern world seemed paralysed in the Gorgon glare of an enormous nightmare. Europe and the United States had slid downhill into what appeared to be a permanent economic depression, with millions of men on the dole, and the political and financial leaders impotent to do anything about the total breakdown of the capitalist economic machinery. In Italy and Germany the people had thrown themselves under the control of dictators bent on turning the clock of history backward to a pre-Christian, blood-hungry barbarism. In Russia, where many had placed their hopes for the development of a new society which would solve these intractable problems of capitalism, a new kind of monstrosity was devouring the very idealists who had brought it to power. To the ordinary man, trapped in his own little circle of impotence and despair, it seemed that the forces of liberalism, of humanism, of decency, had been permanently destroyed in a world where only evil prospered. Auden, in his "New Year Letter, January 1, 1940," phrased everyone's thoughts with brilliant technical virtuosity:

The situation of our time  
Surrounds us like a baffling crime...  
And all are suspects and involved  
Until the mystery is solved  
And under look and key the laws  
That make a nonsense of our laws.  
Yet our equipment all the time  
Remains the area of the crime  
Until the guilt is everywhere,  
And more and more we are aware,  
However miserable may be  
Our parish of immediacy,  
How small it is, how far beyond,  
Ubiquitous within the bond  
Of one impoverishing sky.  
Vast spiritual disorders lie  
Who, thinking of the last ten years,  
Does not hear howling in his ears  
The entirely beautiful.

At the same time, many of the leading figures of the English literary twentieth century, among them T.S. Eliot and W.B. Yeats, had, in the jargon of the period, "aligned themselves with the forces of reaction." But one doesn't have to recall the jargon of the period to recall in wonder and anguish the phenomenon of a great literature straining backwards with nostalgic longing, in search of some pre-Reformation paradise where all was wholeness and serenity in a pre-commercial world of aristocracy and order, a literature where, naturally, one of the chief culprits of the breakdown of western civilisation was that communist-capitalist — vulgar-revolutionary, the Jew.

It was into this depressing world of literary make-believe that the poetry of W.H. Auden came with its austere modernity, its unashamed endorsement of the victim rather than the victor, its affirmation of human fallibility:

Lay your sleeping head, my love,  
Human on my faithless arm;  
Time and favour burn away  
Individual beauty from  
Thoughtful children, and the grave  
Proves the child ephemeral:  
But in my arms shall break of day  
Let the living creature lie,  
Mortal, guilty, but to me  
The entirely beautiful.

He spoke the language of those who were searching among the insights of Marx, Freud and their followers for explanations of the breakdown in social order. And so, he addressed a "Petition" to God, the Great Psychologist:

Sir, no man's enemy, forgiving all  
But will its negative invasion, be  
prodigal:  
Send to us power and light, a sov-  
erign touch  
Curing the intolerable neural stoll,  
The exhaustion of wanting, the  
hor's quincy,  
and the distortions of ingrown vir-  
ginity...

He paid tribute to Freud, "an important Jew who died in exile," who "wrote his way, Down among the Lost People like Dante, down to the stinking fosse where the injured / Lead the ugly life of the rejected / And showed us what evil is: not as we thought / Deeds that must be punished, but our lack of faith."

Sadly he recognized the irony in our Marxist dreams:  
We hoped; we waited for the day  
The State would wither clean away,  
Respecting the Millennium  
That theory promised us would  
come,  
It didn't.

He knew about suffering, "how it takes place, while someone else is opening a window or just walking daily along," he knew that "the Devil has broken parole and arisen / He has dynamited his way out of prison / Out of the well where his Papa throws / the rebel angel."

Above all he knew about "The Diaspora":  
And he fulfilled the role for which  
he was designed:  
On heat with fear, he drew their  
terrors to him,  
And was a godsend to the loosed  
of mankind.

Till there was no place left where  
they could still pursue him  
Except that calls which he called  
his Race.  
But, envying him even that, they  
plunged right through him  
Into a land of mirrors without time  
or space,  
And all they had to strike now  
was the human face.

In short, he was on our side. Of course, this is a supremely ironic explanation of one's affection for Auden's poetry, because he never left off insisting that poetry has nothing to do with convictions. Spender tells us in the same article I mentioned before that at Oxford Auden held several opinions very strongly: "A poet must have no opinions, no decided views which he seeks to put across in his poetry. Above all poetry must in no way be concerned with politics. The subject of a poem is only a peg on which to hang the poetry. A poet must be clinical, dispassionate about things, about things than do other people."

In "The Dyer's Hand," a collection of his essays published in 1962, a good many years after Oxford, Auden was still insisting:  
What makes it difficult for a poet  
not to tell lies is that, in poetry,  
all facts and all beliefs cease to be  
true or false and become interesting  
possibilities. The reader does not  
have to share the beliefs expressed  
in a poem in order to enjoy it...  
The integrity of a writer is more  
threatened by appeals to his social  
conscience, his political or religious  
convictions than by appeals to his  
cupidity. It is morally less confusing  
to be goaded by a travelling sales-  
man than by a bishop.

He stated the view even more persuasively in one of his greatest poems, "In Memory of W.B. Yeats."  
You were silly like us: your gift  
survived it all;  
The parish of rich women, physical  
decency,  
Towers; mad Ireland hurt you into  
poetry.  
Now Ireland has her madness and  
her weather still,  
For poetry makes nothing happen...

Mr. Frayn, who has been in Israel and written about his visit with great charm and understanding, has done his Hebrew homework. The reader learns, for instance, that "seven major shareholders in GRC, Westinghouse, Con Edison, NBC, and CBS, are Mr. M. Mr. Blum, and Mr. Adomai, YHWH, Inc. Ehyeh-Asher-Yehyeh, Shaddai Holdings, and Zohar International." But then, this was written before the Yom Kippur War and the subsequent Arab oil boycott.

Seven shareholders by Michael Frayn. Collins, London, 232 pp. Helga Dudman

GOD AND THE CREATION of man and the world are treated by Mr. Frayn in this novel with the neat satirical barbs generally tossed at such targets as the bright young man of the civil service, or the intellectual elite fond of appearing on the BBC. Actually, though, it turns out that — but it would be unfair to give away too much of Mr. Frayn's froth, as he finally emerges toward the end of this dreamlike view of the near future. We never know quite where we are (Geneva? New York? Not London, because the hero jets there briefly and finds it pretty grubby): it is a brave new world more immediate than Huxley's, and vastly more reassuring, filled with dripping suits and a Hilton-hotel atmosphere. This is good Frayn, for those who enjoy the well-written leaps of imagination of one of England's star humorists, but it is a little slim — much white space is needed to extend the material to book size, and there are pages where nothing much happens. But perhaps that is how it will be.

Time that is intolerant  
Of the brave and innocent,  
And indifferent in a week  
To a beautiful physique,  
Worships language and forgives  
Everyone by whom it lives;



## MORALE ON TWO FRONTS

As Israel heads towards a peace conference, it is becoming clear that thousands of men will be mobilized on the battle-fronts, while the old folk, the women, the children and those not needed for war carry on at home. PHILIP GILLON investigates morale on the battle and home fronts, and discusses what is wrong behind the lines with sociologist Dr. RIVKA BAR-YOSEF.



come up with all the answers as to what went wrong. "We must know the truth," he declares. "There must be no cover-up."

Nissan, a reservist driver attached to the artillery, also finds the home front less attractive than living in Africa.

"Apart from seeing my wife, it's very boring at home," he says. "All the boys are there. I'd rather be there till peace comes."

He served in the Six Day War as well as the present one, but dismisses that with a shrug.

"That wasn't a real war at all. Here we felt it. I had to bring up ammunition all the time. On the third day we were in the open and were attacked by MIGs — I've never been so terrified in my life. But otherwise I didn't worry about fear; I just did my job as best I could. My greatest worry was that I would fall asleep at the wheel. Once I fell asleep next to my vehicle, when I woke up, I found that four shells had landed close to me. I never even heard them."

THE GAP in space and time between the battlefronts and the home front is one of the great differences between the Yom Kippur War and the Six Day War. In discussing the value of borders remote from densely populated areas, nobody seems to have considered that this meant that the soldiers are living in a world completely alien to the day-to-day lives of their families. Nor did anyone seem to anticipate family separations, stretching on for months. In the Six Day War, the fighting was on the doorstep, or even inside the door, and it ended very quickly.

The effect has been to create, willy-nilly, a wide gap between the fighting men and those left behind — a gap that is not filled by trying to carry on "business as usual" or making contributions to the Voluntary War Loan, or rendering volunteer services. To a considerable extent,

search, only quick studies, and a preparation of ideas for future work.

"One of our main findings," she says, "is that nobody ever gave much thought to what would happen on the home front in the event of war, except as regards food. There was a great deal of attention to food supplies, and, by and large, the food situation was well organized."

"There were three major aspects of this failure to consider what would happen on the home front if the war went on for some time. The focus was all on the Army; nobody planned how civilian life would continue. Secondly, they did not contemplate the changes in the population due to the mobilization of almost all the able-bodied young men, leaving the elderly, the disabled, the women and the children to carry on. It's a very different kind of society. Finally, apart from the food, nobody thought about services for the public, what was needed and how they would be used. It seems to have been assumed that the public would do without for a few days, would grin and bear it, and then everything would go back to normal. These three aspects of 'back of

מכאן לשל



ON WEDNESDAY, May 16, 1973, Avraham Shlonsky telephoned his publisher and added two lines to the last poem of a recently completed manuscript. Two days later, as that volume was being delivered to the printer, the poet died quietly in his sleep. The volume of previously unpublished poetry has now been printed and released under the title **SEFER HASHTAMOR** (The Book of Ladders, Tel Aviv, Sifriat Poalim, 165 pp.).

Shlonsky was born on II Adar 5, 5660-1900, in Karyakov, Ukraine, a scion of the Hahad Hassidic line. He was fond of pointing out that he was truly a son of the 20th century, which obligated him to be an innovator and not just a copier of previously established styles. In 1913 he was sent to Eretz Israel to study at the Herzliya High School in Tel Aviv. Shortly before the outbreak of World War I he went back to Europe, where in 1919 he published his first poem in the periodical "Hashiloah." In 1921 he returned to Eretz Israel and worked for a while on road-building. The excitement of *halutzut* (pioneering) was captured in his poetry, especially in the poem cycle "Gilboa," written after he had moved to Tel Aviv in the early 1920s in order to concentrate on writing and editing. Shlonsky worked for the newspapers "Davar," "Hacetz," and "Al Hamishmar," and edited the literary magazines "Ketzivim" and "Leter." "Leter" probably the best Hebrew literary magazine ever produced.

The posthumous volume of poetry harks back to Shlonsky's earlier poems rather than to those of the recent decades. In these later years, as Tel Aviv developed from a town into a metropolitan centre, Shlonsky turned to the themes of dehumanization, of man versus the city, of the destruction of human values. He tried to avoid cliché and scorned the then common stylized literary Hebrew in favour of a more vigorous, less elegant, language. One closer to that in daily use. He was extremely fond of word-play and used carefully constructed metrical bases for his poems. To Shlonsky, the 20th century demanded an individualistic poetry, replete with personal symbols. This was somewhat akin to the "modernist" poetry which prevailed in Russia and Europe in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and which entered Eretz Yisrael with Shlonsky.

However, in the volume under review Shlonsky was not concerned with the dehumanization of man in modern urban society. Rather, he turned to the themes of personal loneliness, of isolation from others until the final separation, that caused by death.

In a way, the word play and regularized metre is not as appropriate for this type of theme as a

## Shlonsky's last book of poems



(Israel Sun)

less technically sophisticated poetry would be. The refinement of words, at which Shlonsky is unsurpassed, draws the reader's attention from a basically emotional theme and directs it to the technique. Nonetheless "Sefer Hashtamor" is more than an historical document needed to complete one's collection of Shlonsky's poetry. It is a vibrant book of genuinely interesting poetry which conveys with great urgency the loneliness of old age and the solitude of an aging poet.

Incidentally the latest issue of "Yediot Genza'im" (number 83), the journal issued by the Archives of the Hebrew Writers Association, is dedicated to Shlonsky. It contains 59 pages of photographs, manuscript reproductions and caricatures of the poet, as well as examples of the covers and title pages of his books, usually reproduced from a copy inscribed to a friend by the author. It certainly should be a possession of any Shlonsky admirer.

Gabriel Preil was born in Dor-

## Curtis Aronson

pat, Estonia, in 1911 and went to the U.S. in 1922, where he has resided since. His first volume of Hebrew poetry was published in New York in 1944. This was followed by three collections printed in Israel in 1954, 1961 and 1968. With the addition of 13 new poems, these four volumes have been gathered into **MITOCH ZMAN VENOF** (מיתוך זמן ונוף) (Of time and Place, Jerusalem, Mossad Bialik, 236 pp.).

The book is organized so that the newest poems are at the beginning, with Preil's first volumes at the end, enabling the reader to get an idea of what Preil's present poetry is like and, if he is interested, to trace the roots of the present poems further into the past. Although this is usually an annoying way of organizing a book, this time the system seems somehow appropriate

here: the later poetry ties in with Preil's early works, being closer to them in spirit than to the poems which make up the bulk of the volume.

Gabriel Preil is a poet of things. He latches on to a simple object or action and focuses on it, elevating the particular item until it takes on a more universal relevance. Many poems begin with the action of going to a cafe or drinking a cup of coffee. A mailbox may become the focal point of a poem, or the branch of a tree in Lincoln Center.

Many of his poems focus on New York in general, specifically on the life of a *physician* in the Diaspora — a Hebrew lyrical poet writing in a foreign tongue in New York. However, in the newer poems, Preil's attention is on Jerusalem, its stones and sky, moon and stars. His poetry, which was always personal, becomes even more introspective as Preil examines the effect Jerusalem has on him.

It is easy to forget that Preil is

an American Hebrew poet, and not an Israeli writer. Yet, he is influenced as much by Walt Whitman as he is by Hebrew poets, although on occasion he makes reference to the poet Micha Yosef Hachon Levenson.

WHILE PREIL is printed and read and discussed in Israel, there are readers and compatriots of his in the U.S. who are extremely concerned with Hebrew writing and research outside of Israel. Their concern has recently been re-emphasized by the publication of the second volume of **HAGUT IVRIT BE'AMERIKA** (Studies in Jewish Themes by Contemporary American Scholars, Edited by Menahem Zohar, Ariel Tarakower, and Haim Ornstein, Tel Aviv, Eretz Olamit and Yavneh, 477pp. IL20).

This volume contains essays on Hebrew literature and on Jewish thought.

Among the literature essays is one by Professor Abraham I. Kahle, President of Dropsie University, in which he examines previously unpublished 18th-century *piyutim* (liturgical poems) found in the Baron David Ginsburg collection in Russia. The late Prof. Walter J. Fischel of the University of California at Berkeley evaluates the literature of Persian-speaking Jews. Other essays deal with Shaul Tchernichovsky, Black poetry in American and Black motifs in Hebrew American poetry, and an interesting essay by Jacob Kabbakoff on the relations between Yehuda Leib Levin (Yahalia) and American writers.

HEBREW ESSAYS by American writers on literature are regularly published in the weekly newspaper **HADOAR** and the monthly periodical **BITZARON**, which was founded 65 years ago by Chaim Tchernowitz (Rav Tair). A recent issue of the latter contained a poem by Shlomo Shalom, a fascinating essay by Dan Miron on "Young Bialik and His Period," and a short note on Agnon's short story, "Tehilla."

THE LATEST issue of the literary monthly **MOZNA'IM**, published by the Hebrew Writers Association, has several essays on Tchernichovsky, marking the 30th anniversary of his death. An article by Yosef Ha'ezra on contemporary critical response to Tchernichovsky's poetry is taken from his introduction to a forthcoming anthology of critical articles on Tchernichovsky's poetry. Yeshua Keshet looks at the poet from afar, and considers how the poetry seems to him today. Other articles include essays on the war, written at the end of October, a new poem by Zeldin, and essays on the poetry of Uri Zvi Greenberg (by Gideon Katznelson) and Avraham Shlonsky (by Gershon Shaked).

## Kashrut explained

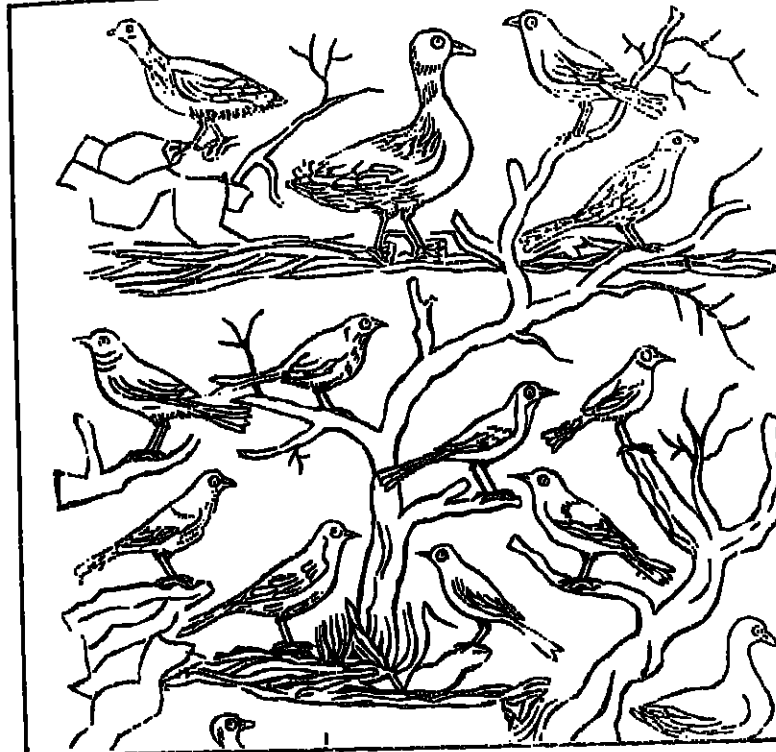


Illustration of "clean" birds from "Zohel Kohen," Leghorn, 1892.

THE JEWISH DIETARY LAW: A guide to their understanding and observance by Isidor Grunfeld, London, Scone, Vol. I, XIX +242 pp., Vol. 2, XII+281 pp.

Alexander Carlebach

DR. ISIDOR GRUNFELD, a former member of the London Beth Din (Religious Court), came to England as a refugee from Germany, where he had been a lawyer. Since the late 1950s he has published a series of works on the ideology and history of neo-Orthodoxy in Germany, especially on its founder, Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch. Through his two-volume "Judaism: Eternal" (1962), handsomely published by Scone, Dr. Grunfeld has made himself the interpreter of Hirsch and his teachings to contemporary English-speaking Jewry.

The work under review is in a direct line with those earlier works. In the first volume he expands on what Hirsch did in "Erebe" as well as in his Pentateuch commentary, explaining the *kashrut* laws in the light of his religious philosophy. Dr. Grunfeld goes on to provide a full historical survey of the theory of these laws from Talmudic times through the Middle Ages to modern times — although I missed in this section the name of the late Chief Rabbi Kook, who in his "Tallelei Orot" developed his ideas on vegetarianism and the permission given in the Torah to eat meat.

The *kashrut* laws are one of the most distinctive features of Judaism. The Torah itself says very little about the reasons for them and thus leaves the field wide open to the Biblical commentator and religious philosopher. In antiquity these laws were criticised as absurd and anti-social, as they made conviviality between Jews and Gentiles difficult if not impossible, and still do so, even between Jews, even observant Jews. Christianity rejected *kashrut* as ethically irrelevant. In modern times, Reform Judaism was quick to jettison *kashrut* for more or less the same reasons. Anthropologists, from James Frazer onward, have seen it as nothing more than primitive, superstitious taboo, found in one form or other in all religions.

AGAINST ALL THIS, Dr. Grunfeld marshals a solid phalanx of authors and their arguments, which range from the ethical and educational to those of spiritual, mental and even physical hygiene, to the symbolic and mystical. Hirsch was deeply influenced by Kabbala, as Professor Gershon Scholem pointed out some decades ago, and as can be seen from the manuscript of the "Erebe," in whose margins Hirsch jotted down abun-

dant Zohar references. But in Hirsch's time Kabbala was not in fashion. Dr. Grunfeld draws freely and openly on mystical sources. These will perhaps appeal least to the modern reader. Neither will the contention that observance of *kashrut* has a refining influence on people's minds and character impress those who know, or know of, people — Jews and Gentiles — of the highest mental and moral calibre who do or do not observe *kashrut*. Most acceptable, no doubt, is the plea that such observance trains man to control his instincts and, in Lord (Herbert) Samuel's words, "when in doubt, to do without." But whatever the philosophical or ethical reasons, Jews usually accept the discipline of *kashrut* almost instinctively as part of their heritage, out of unquestioning religious sentiment or conformity. I very much doubt whether Dr. Grunfeld's presentation, however eloquent and impressive, will be able to convert unobservant Jews to the practice of *kashrut* laws — though it may strengthen the observant in their convictions and way of life.

Dr. Grunfeld is not satisfied with explaining the general meaning of the various laws, but he goes into the details of their observance with an claim that his work is a substitute for going to a Rabbi when in doubt or for the great codes.

A few criticisms: Dr. Grunfeld discusses the use of dishwashing machines on Passover. The greater problem, however, is their use for milk and meat, the permissibility of which may depend on the different mechanisms of the various makes. The aspect of serious financial loss often has to be taken into consideration when deciding a problem of *kashrut*, but is nowhere mentioned by Dr. Grunfeld. The "Seder Hachinuch" is no longer ascribed by scholars to Aaron Halevi of Barcelona. But these (and others) are surely minor points. This elegantly written and beautifully produced work contains a major contribution to Jewish religious literature in English and deserves to be translated into Hebrew. It is generously provided with bibliographies and indexes.

## A prophetic album

STORMY YEARS by Roman Frister, Tel Aviv, Babeland Publications, 232 pp. Illustrated with colour and black and white photographs. Jerusalem Post Edition: \$10-IL41.

Moshe Kohn

IF WE MUST have history or victory albums, they could be better than, but let them be at least as good as, this one. It gives a reasonably straightforward, unembellished, short-spoken and comprehensive account of Israel's history up to the end of 1972. And, rare for books of this class it ends on the sombre and prophetic note:

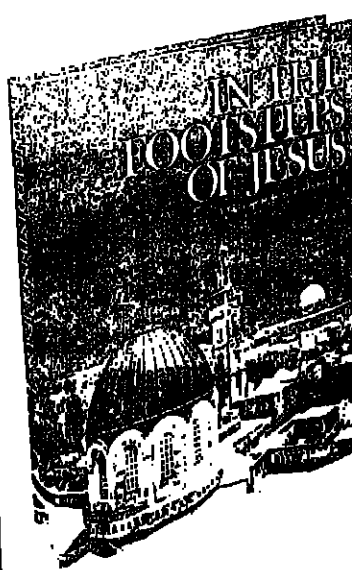
"But in September, 1972, when Israel families sat down to celebrate the advent of the Jewish New Year 5738, it was still too early to dance for joy. Thousands of Russians may have left Egypt but the Arab enmity persisted. President Sadat had followed with warlike enthusiasm 'History is on our side!' in Tel Aviv the people said, 'Thank God holy city to all faiths, freedom of geography is on ours!'... States-

men in Israel and abroad felt that despite Sadat's renewed belligerency, hostilities would not resume in the foreseeable future. The question is, how long is foreseeable — a month, a year..."

The story is rather soberly told throughout, often by means of conversations with "average" Israelis. The shadows, hitches, shortcomings are generally not glossed over, nor are the highlights exaggerated — neither in the text nor in the photographs. Altogether, the book is a tribute to the writer of the text and editor of the book as a whole, Roman Frister, Associate Editor of the "Haaretz" Weekend Supplement, and to the photographers he drew upon.

The book could, however, have used a good English editor, for the text is all too often written in obvious translation, and more careful proofreading. Neither is there any reason that, for example, a picture of the Christmas afternoon procession to the Church of the Nativity should appear under the caption: "Jerusalem, once more a holy city to all faiths, freedom of worship assured to all."

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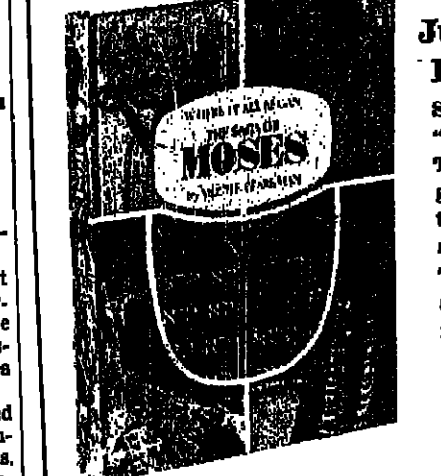
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## The Jews of ancient Byzantium

prayerbook. But for the most part, we can learn about the period only from non-Jewish sources. Byzantium is known for its religious controversies over fine points of theology. At various times Christians found themselves drawing closer to the Jews in their interpretation of the Trinity. At other times people from many religions were drawn to Jewish Messianic movements. According to Prof. Sharf:

"At the beginning of the sixth century, there were Christians observing the Jewish Sabbath and festivals; there were even those who practised circumcision. Some brought Tefillin (Phylacteries) and Mezuzot (the sign on the doorposts) into the church... In the fifth century a Judeo-Christian sect arose (in North Africa) which combined circumcision with baptism and denied the Trinity." Later the Jews also influenced the Iconoclasts. Little is yet known about the intermittent Jewish revolts which often had non-Jewish adherents.

BYZANTINE JEWRY FROM JUSTINIAN TO THE FOURTH CRUSADE by Andrew Sharf. N.Y., Schocken, 289 pp.

Jane Fox

Various Byzantine emperors tried to bring the Jews into the Christian fold. Herculius and Leo used force. Basil, in the ninth century, called the Jews to formal debates and offered rewards of money and position for those who would convert.

Such an approach was condemned by other Christians who contended that the converts so gained were not true Christians.

Although Basil and his family claimed the method was successful, he soon added force to his methods for obtaining Jewish candidates for baptism.

Many laws were passed restricting the rights of Jews in the By-

zantine empire. Christians were exhorted not to have anything to do with Jews socially or commercially. These laws were, however, often widely ignored. In the 11th century, for instance, there were many Jewish members of the powerful craft guilds. Jews benefited from the freedom of travel within the empire.

During part of its history Byzantium controlled Italy or parts of it. Byzantine Italy was a centre for Jewish study. There were Talmud schools in Oria, Bari, and Otranto. In the ninth century, there was an "efflorescence of liturgical poetry, a rebirth of ancient Palestinian styles and vocabulary," some of which still appear in the Ashkenazic prayerbook.

JUST AS BYZANTIUM preserved and transmitted ancient traditions of learning, "the achievement of the Byzantine Italian communities, in Talmudic and mystical studies, in historiography and in the composition of liturgical poetry helped re-

vive or preserve traditional Jewish learning, transmitting it from the old centres to new centres north of the Alps and in Spain."

This process required a certain amount of prosperity and security. It was helped by freedom of travel. To a large extent the Byzantine Empire provided all these conditions.

The Jews in and around Constantinople were less learned. This was partly because they had to invest a great deal of effort in their conflicts with the Karaites and partly because of their closer relationships with the Christians and greater involvement with the general economic life of their communities.

What seems to have caused the flowering of Jewish studies in Byzantine Italy is a greater freedom for Jews than existed outside the empire but a lesser integration into the general, non-Jewish community than in the east.

Prof. Sharf presents the history of the Byzantine Jewish communities with enough background from the general history of the period to allow the lay reader to get a good idea of what a large part of the Jewish People was doing at this time.

מסדאן השל





The herd of Persian wild asses.

## THE MATING SEASON

### Helga Dudman

brought to the Negev, healthy and ready to breed. The expectant wild asses now roam free in their protected enclosure, together with the Persian Wild Ass, or Onager; the Addax; the Ibx; the Arabian Oryx; the Rock Hyrax or coney—good crossword-puzzle names, and all mentioned or implied in the Bible.

"IF NOAH BUILT an ark today, he would not be able to fill it." So reads one of the provocative sentences in the Fund's magazine advertisement, which begins, "A group of Americans of all faiths don't think the end of these (Biblical) animals is inevitable." The distinguished list of the organization's patrons is headed by America's former ambassador to Israel, Walworth Barbour, who agreed to accept the designation while still in this country. Notable names include John Allen (chief editor of "The Readers Digest"), Mrs. Ralph Bunche, Tony Curtis, Angie Biddle Duke, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Arthur Godfrey, the naturalist Roger Tory Peterson, Ogden Reid, and many others—an impressive collection of "Beautiful People" and diplomats, conservationists and entertainers.

"There are hardly any Jews among them," said ex-General Yoffe, "because gentiles tend to understand the importance of this work far better than Jews do." The appeal of the Fund is stated in ecumenical terms: "In the land that gave birth to Christianity, Islam, and Judaism, the wildlife lives in the shadow of death."

All three faiths actually do play a role at Hal Bar: the watchman, at the reserve is an Arab (not to mention the Bedouin, engaged by the Nature Reserves to capture, unhurt, young kids of the ibex, the famous "wild goats of Eilat"), and bring them to their new home near Eilat).

The man in professional charge of the health and welfare of the growing Hal Bar herds is Mike van Gravenbeek, a non-Jewish Dutch animal expert who came here as a volunteer during the Six Day War, spent some time at a kibbutz in charge of the dairy herd, and has been living in Eilat for three years with his wife and children. He now speaks fluent Hebrew, though

this is not essential for much of his work, which involves such duties as raising ibex young by bottle, or setting the broken legs of animals.

No Jew was found for this job of overall responsibility in the field ("We tried Farkas," Yoffe told me, "but he wanted to carry arms and this the police wouldn't allow, so he left after three days.") but the idea and execution are, of course, of and by Israeli authorities.

HAL BAR extends over areas belonging to the Nature Reserves Authority directed by General Yoffe, who is also the moving spirit behind the preserve. He wears several nature-oriented hats, yet another being membership of the board of directors of "Safari-land"—a collection of animals from Africa soon to open in the National Park in darkest Ramat Gan. This is, in a way, the mirror opposite of the Bar Hal idea, for in Ramat Gan the point is to bring to Israel animals native to Africa, rather than to bring home, if often from Africa, animals which have been exterminated in their native Holy Land haunts.

As for seeing the wonders of Hal Bar—this is not yet possible. Many Israelis have read about the project, and every time an onager arrives by plane at Lod, he is duly photographed; but facilities are not yet available to enable the public to enter the reserve. "At the moment we are engaged in breeding herds and building up the population. Some will eventually be turned loose in the Negev."

Yet the fascinating details of how it all works—which animals are hand-fed and why, and how this makes them trusting, and suicidally tame; how certain species are adapted to live off an apparently barren wilderness; the character of an area without predators where all the indigenous residents are vegetarians, with some guinea fowl introduced to prove the point; the long history of the extermination of the natives here starting when Kings Hiram and Solomon cut the Cedars of Lebanon for the Temple, and continuing with the over-grazing of a "goat economy"—much of this will be missed by visitors, even when the time comes for them to bump through the area in jeeps. Perhaps the closest most of us will come to its many aspects will be via television, when experts in various fields piece together the background.

Because of its overseas friends, the Hal Bar story is well reported in the high-standard conservationist journals now thriving abroad, especially in America. The June issue of the beautifully produced "International Wildlife" magazine carried as its lead article a story on Israel's nature reserves, particularly Hal Bar. Editorial coverage has also appeared in "Time," "Newsweek," and the Audubon Society's excellent magazine. "International Wildlife," by the way, does not entirely neglect the imperilled urban featherless biped. Short items in the June issue include: "Gas masks are now standard equipment for 50,000 workers in a complex of petroleum, chemical and aluminum factories near Venice." Or this, which involves domestic animals with a moral for us: "More than 80 per cent of Tokyo's stray dogs have black lungs from breathing the city's polluted air." My favourite: "Residents of Zermatt, Switzerland, have voted against a plan to make the village accessible to automobiles."

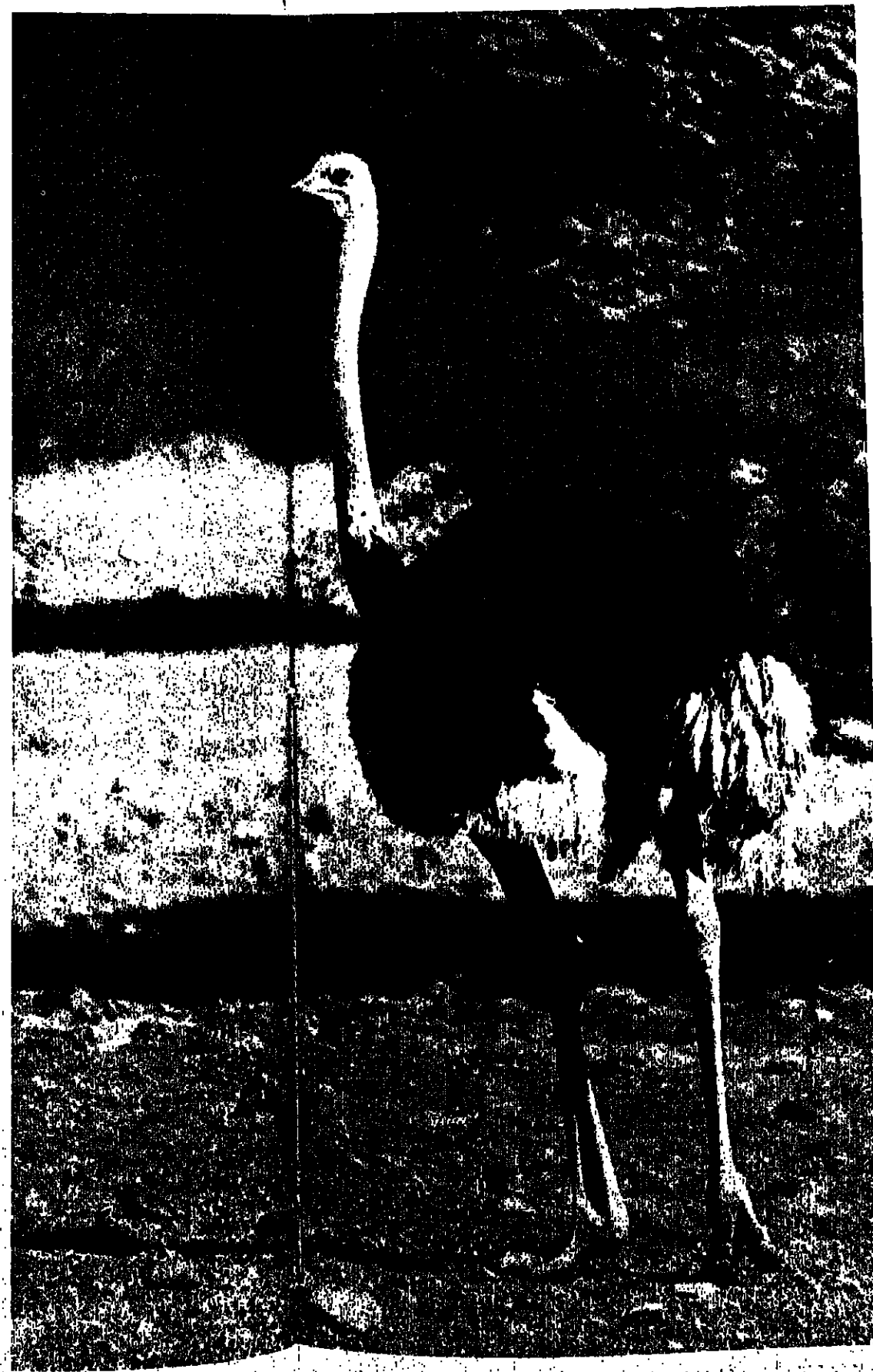
THE NEW headquarters of the Nature Reserves Authority are located in an area of Tel Aviv which is itself, in a mild way, something of a pedestrian quarter. Once you get across Derech Petah Tikva, that is, you are relatively safe; but it is wrong to think that there are pedestrian crossing lights at most of the jungle of intersections to the west of the Montefiore Quarter, which has changed even more than the Negev since it was purchased in 1856 to be the first orange grove owned by a Jew in Palestine. An ibex, oryx, or addax trapped on a zebra crossing somewhere on Rehov Hahashmonaim would feel doomed; so, too, does the pedestrian.

When I finally got to his office, I told Yoffe that I felt exactly like an endangered species. "Well, you are," he said without hesitation. The stuffed head of a well-antlered ibex, I noticed, was mounted on a plaque on the wall near his desk. When I made the relevant tut-tut noises he said, "It came to me as a gift. And you must realize that practically every hunter becomes, sooner or later, a conservationist. Look at Teddy Roosevelt."

I reminded Israel's own Rough Rider that he himself had often observed that the Jews, during 50 years of settlement, had done more harm to the nature of the land than had the Turks in 500. "Yes, of course," he said, ruefully. "And the past few years have been the worst of all."

Nubian ibex.

The addax. (Below) Ostrich.



Scimitar-horned oryx

(Photographed by Micha Bar-Am)

## The Holy Land Conservation Fund

### Bill Clark

THAT RARE ADDAX now tramping the Negev wilderness is a citizen of New York.

Unlike Jews returning from the Diaspora, the addax cannot abandon legal connections with the land of his birth. The addax cannot simply run wild in the land of his ancestors, unencumbered by technical legal ties.

The red tape which bridges wild animals indigenous to ancient Israel is one of the problems facing the Holy Land Conservation Fund. Using an astute combination of money and influence, the fund is cutting the red tape and returning the animals from their own exile.

The fund, a brain-child of American conservationists, acts for wildlife in the Holy Land much like the Jewish Agency has worked returning Jews to Israel. The fund's objective is to repopulate wild areas of the Holy Land with the animals that roamed abundant and free during Biblical times. They want the addax to inhabit the Negev and the ibex to return to the rocks of Eilat Gedi.

The spark for the fund was struck about three years ago, when New York conservationist Benjamin Wechsler visited Israel. The inevitable meeting of like minds—Wechsler and Aluf (Res.) Avraham Yoffe—took place, and Yoffe acquainted Wechsler with the low priority Israel had given conservation. Even today, Wechsler's home state of New York spends more money on conservation projects in three days than Israel spends in a full year.

Moved by Yoffe's plight, Wechsler agreed to help. His first project was to find an American publisher for paintings of Israel wild flowers by Heather Wood. He took the paintings to Gilbert Jonas, a New York executive with his own public relations firm, whose main work is raising funds for social causes.

"At first, I resisted," Jonas recalled. "When it came down to saving animals or saving people, my choice has always been the people." Wechsler kept pressing, but Jonas stayed reluctant.

Then, two years ago, Jonas vacationed in Italy, and found

that Wechsler wasn't the only conservationist trying to convert him. Aluf Yoffe connived, cajoled and finally persuaded Jonas to make a side trip to Tel Aviv. A little more persuasion turned the side trip into a 10-day whirlwind tour of Israel's nature reserves.

The tour, and the over-bubbling exuberance of Yoffe, infected Jonas. "And I got hooked," he now admits. "It was one of the most moving experiences anyone could ever have...it was all exactly the way I pictured the Bible lands as a child."

Now, Jonas' Manhattan skyscraper office serves as headquarters for the Holy Land Conservation Fund. Connections with the wealthy and influential have started to metamorphose into an in-gathering of wildlife to Israel.

THE HOLY LAND Conservation Fund works through Israel's Hal Bar Society as a non-government, non-profit organization.

Money was, and still is, the key to the project. As an example of how costs go, the fund is now negotiating the purchase and shipment of three pairs of scimitar-horned oryx for \$21,000, or IL\$4,000. Thirty Ethiopian ostriches, also being negotiated, have a price tag of \$9,000 or IL\$3,000.

Some animals, such as the Arabian oryx, are nearly impossible to purchase. The last time a pair came on the market was seven years ago, and the price was \$250,000 or IL\$1m. To raise money for the purchase of these animals, some of which haven't been seen wild in the Holy Land for centuries, the conservation fund has started several projects.

"First, we went from individual to individual," Jonas said, "then we had a wildlife art auction—and raised \$21,000 in a single night." Other projects brought more money, and slowly, the fledgling organization began to start fulfilling its purpose.

Robert Spero, a New York advertising artist, joined the project and developed ads which have been running in several American magazines. Some appeared in wide-circulation periodicals, such as "Newsweek" and in more intellectual magazines, such as "Atlantic."

The advertising produced some donations, and several inquiries. But more important, said Jonas, it is reaching both the cross-section of America as well as a concentration of the intellectual elite. "With a public service ad in 'Atlantic,' you know you're in good company."

Financier Paul Benke, the fund's treasurer, makes the point that it is trying hard to operate outside the realm of politics and religion. They talk of Holy Land and not Israel, he says, and there's no such thing as a Jewish ibex or an Islamic addax or a Christian oryx. Benke, also an avid outdoorsman, has been strong in his condemnation of both Israeli and Arab abuse of wildlife.

Now the funding effort is shifting gears, developing ever more momentum.

BEYOND THE fund-raising and advertising, the fund has recently overcome some difficult legal hurdles.

The U.S. Internal Revenue Service was reluctant to give the fund tax-exempt status. For nearly a year, the IRS procrastinated, keeping the conservation fund relatively idle while the forms were being filled and the arguments wrangled.

The final agreement boils down to this: when American money buys an animal or a piece of equipment for Israel's Hal Bar projects, the ownership of that animal or equipment must remain American. Consequently, that addax roaming the Hal Bar South complex in the Negev is still owned by Americans. A technicality, perhaps, yet an irritating technicality. If the American fund raisers had their way, the addax would belong to the earth it roams, and not to people of any particular nationality.

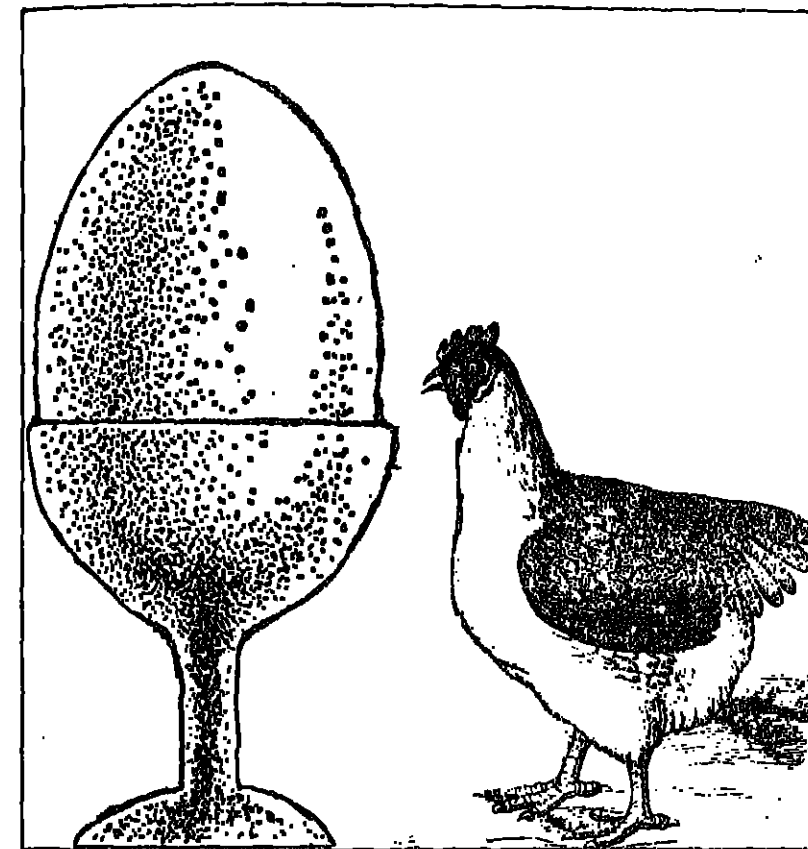
But these animals are only the start; purchased animals are purchased purely for breeding purposes. Once herds are strong enough, they will be released to roam free over their ancient homeland.

And the joy for the conservationists goes beyond supplying animals for breeding herds. It is a joy Jonas expressed when he learned that the breeding addax had produced their first sabra, the first addax born in the Holy Land in at least a century.

Bill Clark is a reporter in New York.



# Embattled chickens



of the country is much worse off. The farmers, the Government making up the difference.

To aggravate matters, there is a lively black market in eggs today, despite the Marketing Board's efforts to halt it. Eggs are a price-controlled (and subsidized) commodity, the largest egg, Number 1, sells for an official price of 18 agorot, and the price goes down by one agorot for each size down the scale. Black market eggs are selling for about double the official price — some 30 to 35 agorot a piece. These are being commandeered by the black marketers (often grocers who own trucks) from the farmers, who in turn they cajole and threaten into selling their eggs. The Marketing Board is appealing to the public to buy eggs only at the official prices, and is threatening profiteering farmers with sanctions, up to and including the closure of their farms.

I WAS SURPRISED to learn that the Government does not keep stocks of powdered eggs which could be released to the market in times of shortage. Some powdered eggs were imported during the shortage last winter. Supermarkets found they did not get a good response from consumers, Mr. Argov told me. He himself was in favour of importing powdered eggs to meet the current crisis. In fact, he had a ready supply which he wanted to buy: the Municipality of West Berlin keeps a regular stock of 200 tons on hand in case of a blockade of the city, and replaces it with a fresh supply every few years. Berlin's present stock has been there since 1969, the Municipality wants to sell it, and Mr. Argov wants to buy it. "It is still perfectly usable," he told me.

The Israel Government, he said, was ready to approve the purchase, but on condition that the big supermarket chains were prepared to handle it. The supermarkets said no, according to Mr. Argov.

Incidentally, powdered eggs are not particularly cheap on the world market. Fresh eggs cost Israel between 28 and 30 agorot apiece to import, and powdered eggs would run about the same, or more, except for an occasional "special offer," such as the Berlin one.

No powdered eggs are produced in Israel. However, there is a plant at Kiryat Gat which takes cracked eggs from Tuva and pasteurizes them for sale in bulk to bakeries. Under a recent law, cracked eggs are not supposed to be sold on the open market — because of the danger of salmonella infection.

If a family cannot get eggs readily, and does not want to buy them on the black market, what should it do? What most of us are doing, of course, is eating very few eggs. In my household, for instance, the baby gets her egg-yolk a day as usual, and I use the leftover whites in salads or give it to someone to eat up. What other eggs I manage to get, I use sparingly in cooking and baking. There are quite a number of baking recipes, especially for cookies, which require relatively little egg, some only one to a recipe. I do not think most of us are likely to suffer a lack of protein because of the egg shortage. There are ample dairy proteins on the market, plenty of fish, including cheap fillet, and no lack of poultry. And, as I indicated in last week's column, soy is a perfectly acceptable protein source, and it is cheap.

IRONICALLY, WHILE there is a shortage of eggs, there is currently a surplus of chicken and turkey. This is reflected to some extent in poultry prices, though not as much as it might be, because the wholesalers and retailers do not always pass on their savings to the public. Currently the price of live chickens is IL3.20 a kilo — 10 agorot a kilo below the guaranteed minimum to

Today's wholesale price of turkey is slightly higher than that of chicken — IL3.80 for females, IL4 for males, live weight. Most turkey meat in this country is sold in parts, with the breast fetching about IL12 a kilo today in and around the open-air markets. When turkey breast is sold for IL16 a kilo, as it is in some supermarkets, it is "profit-eating," says Mr. Argov, who feels the Ministry of Commerce and Industry should step in to control it. The Ministry, on the other hand, says that poultry prices are not its domain and cannot easily be subjected to controls.

Because turkeys are in good supply now but slaughter-houses are understaffed because of mobilization, the Poultry Marketing Board is buying up and freezing quantities of whole turkeys. Later, when the market demands it, these will be sectioned up and released to the shops.

Turkey eggs, by the way, cannot provide a realistic alternative to chicken eggs in the current crisis. Apart from any difference in flavour, turkey eggs are too expensive to be a good proposition. Because they are in such demand for breeding, they are fetching IL3 a piece.

Early in the egg crisis, I was tempted to buy some of the gourmet's tiny quail eggs as a substitute. But at IL2.50 per box of 15, this is not a realistic alternative either, especially since it takes about a half dozen to make a modest omelette.

One of my neighbours recalls that during the War of Independence, when eggs were rationed much more strictly than today, the population was urged to "substitute seven olives for one egg." It's not the same thing at all, he observes, but it is food, for thought. Olives may not make a breakfast, but they would make a breakfast. MARTHA MEISELS

CULINARY NOTES / Haim Shapiro

## A French sauce



A SAUCE with a French name may sound a bit fancy for times that seem to call for a certain austerity in the kitchen; but the sauce bechamel is in fact nothing more nor less than the simple white or cream sauce that has long been one of the foundations of cookery throughout the Western world.

Like much of French cuisine, it arrived in France from Italy with Catherine de Medici in 1533, when she came from Florence to marry the prince who was to become King Henry II. Since then, it has become the basis for a large proportion of the world's sauces.

A sauce bechamel will turn practically any vegetable into a dish fit for a king, but one could do better than make it with Swiss chard, the large green leaves known variously as *alei selek* or *Kurdish* or Moroccan spinach. Swiss chard is often used interchangeably with spinach, especially in many Middle Eastern pastries. It should be cooked like

spinach: washed well and then put into a covered pot with just the water clinging to the leaves and cooked over a high flame, turning the leaves over from time to time to prevent burning. When it is dark green and tender, but not totally limp, it should be drained well.

A bechamel sauce is easily made by melting a tablespoon of butter in a frying pan and stirring in a heaping teaspoon of flour. To this, add slowly about a cup of warm milk, always stirring slowly. If the milk is added a little at a time, the sauce should soon attain the consistency of mashed potatoes. Each time it thickens you may add more milk, stirring again with a fork or wooden spoon until the mixture is smooth. When the milk is all added, continue cooking to get rid of the taste of raw flour. Season with salt and pepper and, in this case, add a little grated nutmeg. Needless to say, if the pepper is freshly ground and the nutmeg freshly grated, you will be rewarded with a finer flavour.

The sauce bechamel and Swiss chard may be mixed and served immediately or it may be put into a medium oven for about 15 minutes with a topping of breadcrumbs and grated cheese. The simple variations of the bechamel are the substitution of wine for the milk. In that case it is a *veloute* sauce which you can also adapt for meat dishes by using margarine and soup stock instead of butter and milk. The addition of grated cheese turns bechamel into a *sauce mornay* while a little tomato paste makes it a *sauce aurore*.

EGGS REMAIN the single commodity shortage badly felt by consumers throughout the country, and the situation will not right itself until January at the earliest.

We have all heard that the blackout seriously affected the hens' laying capacities, since our hens had been accustomed to 24-hour-a-day lighting to stimulate their yield. But why, most of us ask, does the shortage continue long after the blackout has ended?

The answer is twofold. First of all, the Army is buying a vastly increased number of eggs, compared to its normal purchase of 1.5 to 2 million a month. Obviously, our soldiers get first priority for whatever supplies exist.

Also what most people don't understand is that the supplies remain far below normal because of the lingering effects of the blackout.

It goes something like this: The mature hens that had been used to round-the-clock lighting got all mixed up by the unaccustomed luxury of a dark night's sleep. They began to moult — during which process they temporarily cease to lay eggs. Even when the blackout ended, most poultry farmers decided to let the hens finish losing their feathers, because once they regrow them, the birds lay bigger eggs than before. It was only the young flocks which were not seriously affected by the blackout, because they were not conditioned to incessant lighting.

Why, you may ask, do we subject our hens to this constant illumination anyway? It is common poultry practice in the developed world. According to Poultry Board Director Levi Argov, who briefed me on the egg crisis, "a flock of 100 hens without artificial light would yield an average 50 eggs a day; with illumination, they lay 70 to 80 a day." He also told me that in a state of nature, hens can lay eggs for three to four years. But until recently, our laying flocks were kept alive for only a single season and then slaughtered for meat. However, in recent years, it has become the increasing practice in Israel to maintain the flocks for two years, as insurance against the danger of Newcastle disease, which af-

fects chicks only. After the first season, hens lay fewer eggs, but they are larger.

ISRAELIS ARE PERHAPS the biggest egg-eaters in the world. The average Israeli consumes 408 eggs per year, compared with the American's 280. In a normal month, Israel consumes 85 to 90 million eggs. To offset seasonal slacks, surplus eggs are put in cold storage in high seasons (March to June is the peak) and taken out in weak seasons (August to November is the low). Our

last national egg shortage was last December-January, when production did not fulfil expectations. There was already a slight seasonal shortage before the October war, and the Poultry Marketing Board had ordered 10 million eggs from Italy and Germany, with an option on another 10 million. Most of those have already reached the country — but the Army took a large part of them. In October, only 72 million eggs were laid locally. November figures are still being compiled. The outlook for December is 70 million, and for January, 93.5 million — by which time we should be back to our omelettes.

According to Mr. Argov, there is a third factor — apart from the decreased production and increased Army consumption: the limited supplies available to the civilian population are not being distributed equally. He explained that Israel's egg distribution is 50 per cent in the hands of the Tuva Cooperative and 50 per cent in those of private distributors. The latter operate only in the greater Tel Aviv area, whereas Tuva operates in Tel Aviv and the rest of the country. In Tel Aviv, where I live, the situation is bad enough: Some grocers are rationing eggs at a rate of five per family every other day, some at five per week. The rest

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## Keeper of the keys

THE EXIGENCIES of the situation have put me in temporary possession of an unusual number of house keys. In every city apartments stand empty, their young tenants absent on urgent business or gone home to mum, shunning the vacant spaces, suddenly so much larger than before. Requests to "have a look at" are coupled with invitations to take up residence for an unspecified time.

The requests are easy to comply with and the invitation are gladly accepted, though the absence of the hosts make the residences unusually silent and unnaturally tidy.

Leaving one such unoccupied home in Jerusalem, I repeat aloud the formula that has become habitual on these occasions. Only too well do I recall the convictions that invariably assail me shortly after I have left my own home, that I have left a tap running, a kettle on a flame, or the dog locked in the sitting-room. These fears have proved accurate often enough to destroy my confidence. Damage and expense in my own house is dismaying enough; in someone else's, it would be disastrous.

SOLENNLY and deliberately, I describe my actions to myself as I perform them, hoping thereby to impress the words if not the

deeds on my memory and avoid a long journey back to make sure the electric blanket is not still warming the bed or the radio playing without an audience.

"I am now unplugging the fire. The television has been off since 'Peyton Place' finished. I have put the toaster, cooled and wrapped, in its box, back onto the shelf. I have closed the refrigerator. No lights are burning. I have turned the gas off at the main. The immersion heater is showing a black dot and its indicator is dark. I am now closing the shutters and checking to see that no water is running in the kitchen or bathroom."

I EVEN REMEMBER to collect my modest detritus into a paper bag preparatory to disposing of it in the dustbin outside. Carefully I secure the door using three different keys on three complicated locks on inner and outer defences. I try each one as the tumblers click, something I would never do at home — mainly because we haven't got any keys.

Only when I am perfectly satisfied that the house is impregnable and tell myself that I have seen to all the doors do I pick my way carefully down the stairs, my little bag of rubbish in my hand. It is not until I am halfway to Nahariya that I realize that I have forgotten my suitcase.

## TORA AND FLORA / L.I. Rabinowitz

## The death of the plane tree



Portion of the Week: Gen. 32, 4-36, 43.

HOW VIVIDLY the letter brought back the memory of the *tiyal* in which I had participated many years before to Nahal Achziv, under the auspices of the Nature Preservation Society, the guide sadly pointing out the havoc caused to the once flourishing plane trees through man's interference with nature in the interests of progress.

Part of the stream had been allowed to run its proper course and the beauty of nature was still retained. The major part, however, had been directed into pipes to provide for the growing agricultural needs of the area. Although the plane trees in the immediate vicinity of the stream still flourished, those only a few yards away were visibly dying or had already died, of thirst. For the plane tree is a voracious drinker.

I had, however, completely forgotten it, and having forgotten it, had devoted a column on Gen. 35:4 to a Midrash which suggested that the *eloh* under which Jacob buried the idols

of his household was a *platamus*, and that presumably a plane tree grew on the bare rocky heights of Mt. Gerizim, and was sacred to the Samaritans.

ONE OF MY correspondents, Dr. Eva Danielus, also confined herself to purely literary sources and brought to my notice the fact that whereas in one passage Eusebius, followed by Jerome, identified that tree with an oak, in another they refer to it as a terebinth. In my reply, I pointed out that "there is probably no tree in the Bible about which so many different identifications have been given as the tree referred to," and I gave at least three others.

But the death blow to that plane tree was delivered by another faithful correspondent, Mr. E. Liwny of Beersheba. "I have to tell you," he wrote, "that this time you are quite mistaken when you identify it with a plane tree. Please refer to the *magdir* of Prof. Zohary and see under *platamus*, where it is written, in Nahariya and Nahalim (they can be seen) but even here they are very rare because they like plenty of water. Once we found a stately example in Nahal Achziv with its feet literally in water. But when we visited it again it was dying, or almost so, because the water level had been lowered some years ago, as Mekorot has included this rivulet in its network.

"I am quite sure that not a single tall tree, let alone a *dolev* (the Hebrew name for the plane) has stood there for the last 6,000 years. It is almost bare of vegetation these days, and if an *eloh* were planted there today, and artificially cared for, it would live only for a few years."

And with that I wholly agree.

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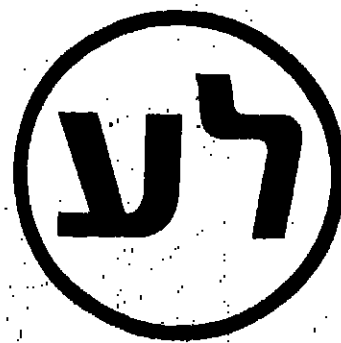
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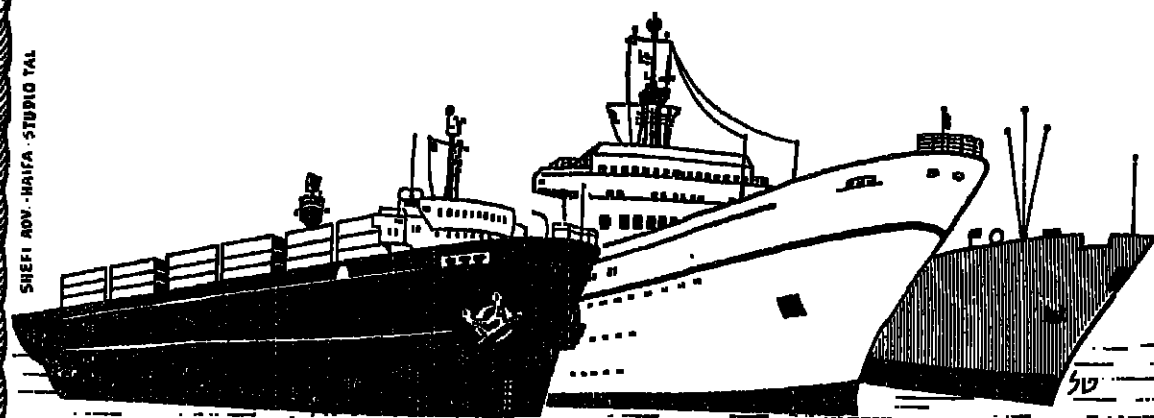
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## Oi, Oi, What's Going to Happen?

### Ephraim Kishon

IN THESE DAYS of war and peace, the population of this country is turning into a socialist dream: we think alike, talk alike, and twiddle our thumbs alike. We all walk around with split personalities, and the only difference between us is the number of eggs we manage to wangle under the counter. On the one hand, that is, we feel an irresistible impulse to shout at the top of our lungs about the great botch-up and demand the botchers' heads, but on the other, we know quite well that every shout of ours is music to the ears next door. Consequently we either keep our mouth shut and get stomach ulcers, or shout and get a bad conscience. "What's going to happen?" people ask in their leisure moments — i.e. between one news-broadcast and the next — "What's the solution?"

The solution is the truth. Because in truth lies strength. The strength to face the fact that the Egyptians achieved precisely what they wished to achieve: putting up bridgeheads on the eastern bank of the Canal and holding on to them till the Great Powers could intervene. We'd been hearing about this plan for the past six years and in the end it caught us by surprise. It's probably the most surprising surprise in military history, the first Pearl Harbour in the middle of a war.

YET IT isn't true that it's the fault of the Israeli public, that we lived, ate, drove too well. Where does it say that a man who's got a car and a nice flat fights less well than one who lives in a shack and goes to work on a bicycle?

Nor is it true that we were too security-minded and that that's why. It's rather as if a precious treasure had been guarded by an intricate and expensive alarm-system, complete with cops, dogs, electronic devices and all, and had then been stolen after all because somebody forgot to set the switch. But the treasure's gone — that is the truth.

The result is called "the new reality." The Israeli citizen walks around in this new reality with his head in a daze and his heart hoping for a miracle. Maybe Kissinger'll pressure Pelsal into letting us hold on to Sinai, or maybe the Russians'll recognize our legitimate right to exist after all. The Israeli wants to wake up in the morning and see in the paper that his historic leadership has made way for a new one, that a bunch of young men bursting with talent has taken over the reins and he, the citizen, can stop worrying himself sick. WELL, that isn't going to happen. Because of technical difficulties. No matter who wins the elections, up there we'll have the same old crowd whose only excuse is that Moses, too, stuttered.

So if the Israeli public wants changes, it must do a bit of changing itself. It must introduce a quiet revolution, not forced on the citizen by the new leaders, but forced by the public on its old leaders.

The setting up of the Enquiry Commission shows that public opinion has weight. The convincing make-up of the Commission shows the immense weight of public fury. This blessed fury must be encouraged and strengthened.

Let's get hopping mad. Let both our civilian and our military leadership be open to public criticism. Let the words "Rely on us!" be banned: from now on we don't rely, we demand a running account of what's going on.

THE CITIZEN may ask: but how can I judge the facts? I'm utterly at sea myself. I eat the paper for breakfast, I positively live inside my TV set, and I still haven't the faintest idea what's going to happen tomorrow.

My dear fellow — neither has anyone else. It's time you found out that heads of state are as baffled as their subjects. It may come as a disappointment to you, but in the Corridors of Power exactly the same arguments are carried on as within your own home. Your feelings of inferiority are misplaced. Sadat has no idea what'll happen tomorrow. Kissinger only acts as if he had, and Abba not even that. Your bewilderment is universal, dear reader, with the difference that you're the only one to admit it.

Still, whatever is going to happen depends on us, on you personally, dear reader. We're in the middle of an Olympic fight, but we've got a champion representing us so we'd better back her up. We are going to come in for pressure, threats, sanctions and booming guns, and we won't be able to stick it out if we go on with our jittery muttering "Oi, oi what's going to happen?" — which is unfounded anyway.

We're sorry to have to remind the reader again and again that he doesn't just have a Government, he has a marvellous country too.

The reader wants to get mad at his leaders? Fine! But what does he want from his country?

True, schizophrenic that he is, he can look at it two ways: from close up or from a distance. From close up, our country is a grain of sand with a handful of miserable creatures crawling over it, sweating and trying to push each other off. At a distance it's a beacon of light in this dark sea, a nation the size of an American suburb which has built a democracy in the middle of nowhere, and developed it between wars at a dizzy, statistics-defying pace.

In much the same way you can judge the war that was in two ways, depending on your mood. At close range it's a comparative failure. At a distance — say from a perspective of just six years — it's a mighty victory which started at the municipal boundaries of Ashkelon and ended within shouting distance of Cairo and Damascus: an incredible military and political achievement which has finally convinced our neighbours to talk to us.

The Arabs want to wipe us out? Sure they do! There's a lot of other things they want besides. We played with the idea of a greater Land of Israel ourselves, and then found out that the Arabs fight like it. As far as our future and our security are concerned, what matters is our self-confidence and our staying-power, however elementary that may sound. The people of Israel are beginning to look the truth in the face, and they've already told their Government what they think, and felt the better for it. Now the people of Israel must overcome its uncertainty and start exploiting its atomic power of fury for peaceful ends.

Translated by Miriam Arad —  
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

## A peripatetic musician

THERE ARE men about town known men and women of his time.

He traces his musical talent to the family of his mother, a countess of German extraction, whose family settled in Russia in the 18th century and became rich sheep-breeders in the Crimea. He was born in 1913, with his friend here first in 1950, and they, together with Isaac Stern — and later on Rolf Liebermann — became the official international advisers of the budding Israel Festival, organized and directed by Aharon Zvi Propes.

Since then, Nabokov has paid at least another nine or ten visits; and he has just spent his latest one at the Mishkenot Sha'ananim, the new retreat for men of art and science in Jerusalem's Old City walls. He was one of the very first guests at the Mishkenot, being Mayor Teddy Kollek's adviser on international personalities. Organizing and advising seem to have been his concerns for a great part of his life, but he really is a composer, many of whose works have been performed all over the world.

Nabokov was born 70 years ago in Russia, on the banks of the River Neman in the Minsk district, in the zoological garden belonging to his uncle, he says, not in a cage.

Nabokov remark: "Talking to him is mostly a matter of listening. Monte Carlo presented all over the world. He has written two operas — "Rasputin's End," and "Love's Labour's Lost," based on Shakespeare's comedy with a libretto by Auden and Kallman. A typical Nabokov remi-



Nabokov, photographed at Mishkenot Sha'ananim.

(Y. Boehm)

THEATRE / Mendel Kohansky

## Time for 'lean' theatre

THERE WAS A slightly surreal character to the discussion. Everybody came out against the establishment, including members of it; everybody was for "re-levant" theatre, a theatre which relates to the problems of life, including those responsible for some of the sillier productions we have seen in recent years. A director whose last show was a jumble of opulent scenery and an exhibition of all the electronic gadgets of Habimah's over-equipped stage, called for a "lean" theatre as more befitting the spirit of this country. A climax of sorts was reached when one of the panelists issued an urgent call from the platform to the managers of Habimah and the Cameri — who had been invited but didn't show up — to resign forthwith, and the crowd responded with enthusiastic applause.

The gathering took place at Zava's and the hall was filled with theatre people, among them many students preparing theatrical careers. The subject of the discussion, as announced in the invitations, was "What the theatre ought to tell us today." The tone set by the panel was that our "official" theatre has in the past been an unqualified disaster.

"What have they done to our beautiful profession?" lamented one of the speakers. Another complained that the acting profession had become the most abject pack of sheep in the country, never even having gone on strike; he deplored the fact that he himself didn't have the guts to smash the windows of that "aquatic aquarium," the Habimah building.

I left the place feeling depressed. Practically all that was said there, the exaggerations and the

state-supported theatres has in the recent years been a meaningless hodge-podge of plays, some better, some worse, some well, some badly produced, adding up to nothing, with such half-hearted attempts at "culture" as dramatizations of famous Hebrew novels, or productions of Shakespeare, which, more than anything else, demonstrated the theatres' remoteness from their real function. For Shakespeare is always "relevant," but only if presented in a manner relevant to the particular time and place.

The universal, timeless truths contained in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," in the historical plays, speak in every language to every generation, if the director responsible for the production is part of that generation and lives in that language. In our theatres, however, Shakespeare plays are generally staged by guest directors, usually English, on the theory that, after all, who can do Shakespeare better than his countrymen? Except that the guest, for all his professional qualifications, knows nothing of the people for whom he interprets the play. (There was that famous Cameri production of "Hamlet" by an imported Polish director, in which he did his best to interpret the play so that audiences in Warsaw would get the most out of it.)

Whenever the theatre is criticized, the leaders of the establishment counter with figures about the uncommonly high theatre attendance. What they forget to mention is that the vast majority of the 65 or so per cent of the population who go to the Habimah, the Cameri, the Haifa Theatre, are a "package audience," an audience for whom tickets have been bought by their unions, their local councils, their kibbutzim, that the choice has been made for them by officials in charge of cultural activities.

Our repertoire theatres have for years been almost oblivious to the role of the theatre in society.



Edna Fiedel in Neil Simon's "Hotel Pass" (Mula & Haremety).

the role of the theatre in society. In recent weeks, the theatre managers have decided that what the people need in these trying days to take their minds off their troubles is "entertainment." Not plays, national mood of stock-taking and soul searching, but "Shalom, Sha-lo-m," an infantile comedy about a man's sexual troubles, and Neil Simon's "Hotel Plaza," a comedy about the marital problems of the rich in New York.

niscence about the premiere of the latter in Brussels in February of this year: "My friend Willy Brandt and his wife were there. Frau Brandt, not knowing that I was the composer, complained to me in the interval that it was the dulllest opera she had ever seen!"

NABOKOV'S friendship with the West German Chancellor dates back to 1944 when the two men — one wearing a U.S. uniform — first met in London. Their active collaboration began in 1962 when Brandt was Mayor of Berlin and Nabokov became his adviser on the city's festival works whose form he changed by giving them a different central theme each year. Towards the end of World War Two, he went to Europe for the American Military Government, and for some years was at the centre of cultural reconstruction. Later he became General Secretary of the "Congress for Cultural Freedom" and started to organize cultural events on a grand scale.

He initiated informal meetings of festival directors from various parts of the world to exchange ideas and experiences, work out combinations to make expensive productions and presentations possible, and so on. One of the most positive characteristics of these meetings in Nabokov's opinion is that the directors of the festivals in Basel and Tunis sit together with the director of the Israel Festival and discuss matters of mutual interest.

Speaking of the Mishkenot Sha'ananim where we met, he thinks this retreat can be a marvellous meeting-place of men of culture and science, Jews and non-Jews, for the exchange of thoughts and ideas, for bringing people whose voice and attitude could be of great importance to Israel into contact with the country.

THE SADDEST aspect of the discussion at Zava's was that all those indignant critics of the theatrical establishment are so much part of that establishment or have tried to become part of it without quite succeeding. When one of the panelists, a very talented young director, bitterly attacked the state-supported theatres for being closed to new ideas and new people, someone in the audience wanted to know why he didn't strike out on his own, as others have done in the past. The question remained unanswered.

It was, however, a question touching on the crux of the matter. In the short history of the Israeli theatre, whenever things reached an impasse, someone would come up with a new initiative. Some were successful, like the Cameri of 1944, some less so, like Nissim Aloni's Theatre of the Seasons of 1962; but each time a new note was heard, a new hope arose. The last such attempt — *Bimat Haachkashim* — was made as far back as 1966. No new initiative has appeared since. We have nothing in our theatrical life resembling experimentation. The little basements where at one time groups of youngsters tried to do something on their own remain closed.

They may re-open soon. The present national crisis will most probably put an end to the era of conspicuous consumption in the theatre, as it will in other areas. The theatre will have to become more "lean" as the Zava panelist suggested. Someone may re-discover that you can have theatre, and good theatre too, without a magnificent building with the latest in electronic equipment. It is also unthinkable that a crisis which touches every aspect of our national life should not have a profound effect on the theatre, which has in recent years been a true reflection of the smugness and complacency, the false values to which we had become accustomed.

הכזמן הנכון



THE TELEVISION coverage of the passing of B-G was uniformly good; I was delighted that we were not subjected to a week of funeral marches and a pall of endless gloom, as when somebody or other went off to join his forefathers in Paradise some time ago. Very sensibly we were given only a live telecast from Sde Boker, some discussions, readings, Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" and a repeat of the Beilis case, and then went straight back to business as usual. An admirable precedent.

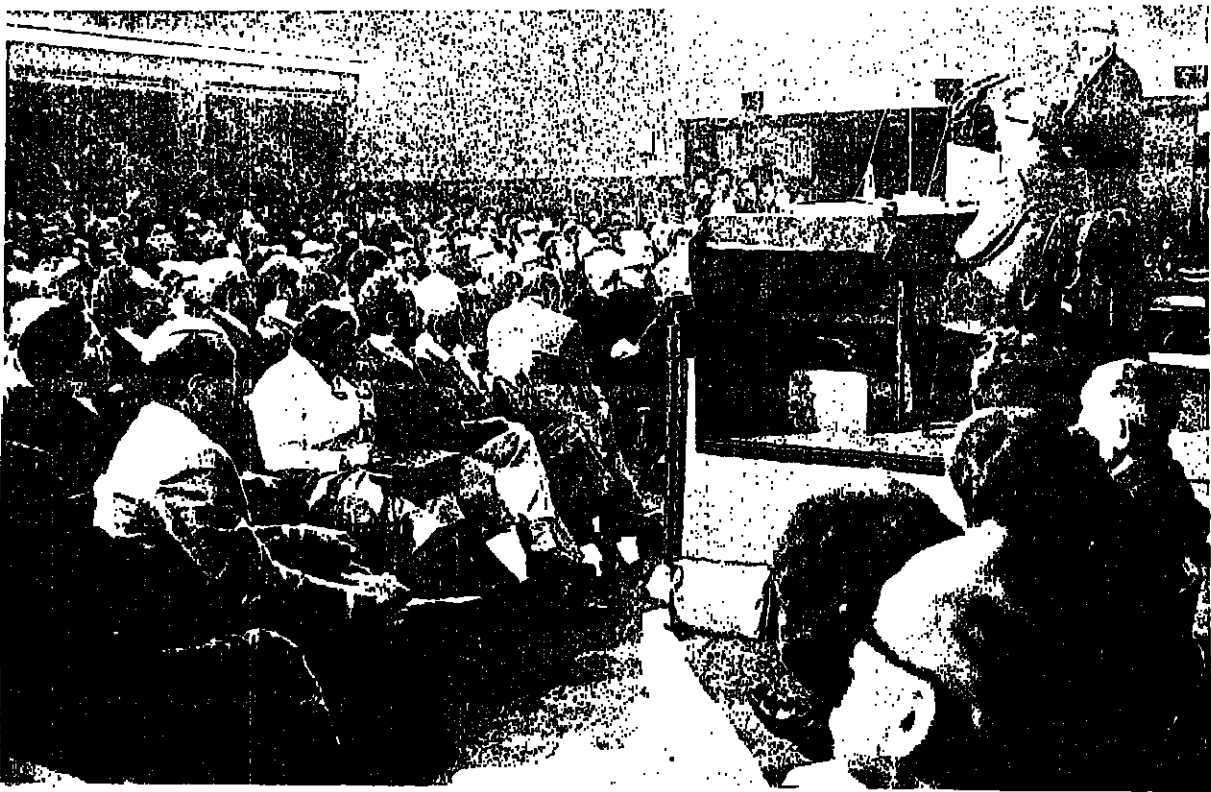
I only saw fragments of the live telecast of the funeral at Sde Boker, plus the excerpts shown later on the news. It seemed to me to be technically perfect, and everyone concerned deserves congratulations. What a superb spot the Ben-Gurions have for their burial-place, far superior to Mount Herzl or the Weizmann Institute — B-G always had that touch of originality. I personally was thrilled anew by the speeches and writings which were brought back to us from the past; it was a great experience to have our needs, aspirations and dreams expressed in terms of noble prophecy, with Isaiah and other prophets, not to mention Plato and Buddha, invoked in justification of the great Zionist adventure. B-G possessed the ability to put the hopes of a tiny people in a tiny corner of the earth into a cosmic vision, to pinpoint our place not only in geography but also in history.

It is a great pity that practical men of affairs took over, and that "Zionut" — i.e. any kind of idealism — became suspect currency. I must say that the practical men seem to have made an impractical mess of things. I for one derived considerable inspiration and solace from those words ringing out from beyond the grave at Sde Boker. Nobody talks like that these days, more's the pity. All the basic ideals are taken for granted which is of course a mistake — they need constant renewal.

The most remarkable of the programmes, I found, was the interview which had been filmed at the end of a "Moked" programme three years ago, but not used at the time. The Old Man ran rings round his interrogators, and showed that he still had more sense in his little finger than the three of them put together in all their heads, despite the fact that he confused names and dates. From hindsight, it seems incredible that although alleged by his enemies

## TELEVISION / Philip Gillon

### Framing the fourteen points



Pinhas Sapir addressing the Labour Central Committee.

(David Rubinger)

to be almost in his dotage, B-G should have had the vision to propose that we should have given us real peace instead, of course.

His reasoning was simple — and basically idealistic: we had no need of any more territory; 80 per cent of the country was undeveloped; there was room in the pre-1947 borders for all the Jews in the world. He said fiercely that he opposed taking land from a single Arab.

Another good programme was "Ben-Gurion on the Bible," during which he analyzed the strength of the prophets and the possible fulfillment of the prophecies of our time. He said that they, like he, had favoured equality, justice and the doctrine "love your fellow man like yourself" — the usual translation of "neighbour" is wrong, he insisted.

Bishop Berkeley contended that the universe was merely an idea in the mind of God. At one time

I used to suspect that Israel was only a dream in the mind of Ben-Gurion. Certainly a light has gone out of our lives.

IN THE FRIDAY magazine we were taken by Zvi G. on a remarkable tour of the troops in "Africa," where he talked to them about peace and photographed their efforts to carve new lives out of the strange conditions under which they were living. (In passing, George Leviner or somebody should go down there to teach them how to play bridge; the film showed them calling and discarding cards at the same time, a very bizarre technique indeed.)

The men interviewed reported on their conversations with the Egyptian soldiers in the front lines opposite them, to whom they gave cigarettes and with whom they had amiable contacts. One officer said: "If peace depended on us and on these Egypt-

ians, peace would come quickly — we all want to go home." The same impression was conveyed by another soldier: "If peace depended on the simple people on both sides, it would come very quickly. But it doesn't depend on us."

A more sophisticated view was taken by the man who, with his marvellous beard, had certainly adopted a hirsute style suitable for the African jungle and looked like something straight out of Rider Haggard. They think they won, and we think we won — perhaps this is the best start to the end of the war. Another said: "I want to finish the war now — at least our children shouldn't have to fight."

A wonderful football match between Europe and South America made me realize how pedestrian British soccer is today. And great film, "Wuthering Heights" with Laurence Olivier and David Niven as youngsters, highlighted a week of good shows.

Television House is still coy about names, but they did write on one occasion, below a picture of a certain personage, "The Foreign Minister, Abba Eban," for which information much thanks. Now that the dam has been breached, perhaps they'll give us the name of that new pretty girl who makes announcements, not to mention the innumerable discussants. The former item is more important than the latter.

The DISCUSSION of the Labour Party's 14 points over the weekend was very curious: clearly the view of them depends on the eye of the beholder. It is a wonderful diplomatic feat to have

## RADIO / Zeev Schul

### Favourable comparison

They tell me that my grandparents and all their ancestors were united with the help of *shadchanim* and that they all lived happily ever after. A surprise package, I suppose. None of the daisy-plucking she-loves-me, she loves-me-not. Nowadays they call it "blind date." Only there's no obligation to buy.

The most eligible males are engineers, we were told. Of all university graduates, they are the pick of the bunch. The reason? Simple: lawyers have a reputation for always being eager to pick a fight. Doctors do too much night duty (or claim they do — and there's always a bevy of pretty nurses hanging around) but engineers, architects and the like keep more or less regular office hours.

But engineers are expensive. Good looks plus a hundred thousand pound dowry won't do the trick. "You can't even get a flat for that kind of money nowadays. Half a million is more like it."

the radio reporter was told. A it is to collect soldiers at the so-called "tramp" car stops. I claimed that they are spoiled. "With IL100,000, the most she can expect is an electronics expert, an accountant, perhaps..."

Would you believe it? A 70-year-old multi-millionaire from Canada had his wish fulfilled — a 26-year-old girl from Israel. They now have two children and are living in conjugal bliss. The bridegroom also has a modest industrial enterprise employing some 60,000 workers.

The industrious local marriage broker who fixed this union admits that not all his clients are perfect. "But I recognize no such term as an ugly girl..."

THE SOLDIER HAD been standing for over an hour in the rain, waiting for a "tramp" in the right direction. "They only like us in wartime," he said, speaking in the First Programme's "Weekly Column" on Friday evening. He was one of the soldier tramps and drivers interviewed by a team of Shidurei Yisrael reporters.

"It's better in the northern part of the country," another soldier said. "Up there you barely manage to raise a thumb and away you go."

One driver had a sensible idea: why don't the soldiers carry signs showing where they want to get to?

An army bus driver whose job

## WHAT'S ON

### What a Tree in Israel

Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea every Monday and Wednesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration call Visitors Department, Knesset House, Tel Aviv. (Jewish National Fund) in Jerusalem. Rehov King David, corner Rehov Koren Kayemal, Tel Aviv, Tel Aviv — 80 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 234448.

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Henry Moore — Elephant Skull, Land of Dolls. The 1st International Triennale of Photography (Sperius, Goldmann-Schwartz and Library Galleries). Inscriptions reveal — special exhibit at Rockefeller.

Special exhibit: leaf of the Gutenberg Bible. Hadassah Tours: 1. Medical Centre at 8.30 a.m. 11.00 a.m. 12.15 p.m. Last tour on Fri. at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building. No charge. Buses 19 and 27.

2. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects. IL\$40. (25) per person. Includes transportation and refreshments. By reservation only: Tel. 36883.

Hebrew University, conducted tours in English, weekdays, 10 a.m.-11 a.m. from the lobby of the Administration Building at the Givat Ram Campus. For details of the Mt. Scopus Campus, please call Tel. 80211, ext. 725.

Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 8, Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 523281.

New Israeli Films:

There will be no screening at the Keren Heyardon Hall, Jewish Agency Building, Jerusalem, until further notice.

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood Romema. Tel. 535522. 7.30 a.m.-dusk.

— TEL AVIV —

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Every Thursday, 8.30 p.m.

December 20: Democracy in Israel — Shulamit Aloni, Adv.

December 27: Legal protection of human rights in the absence of a formal constitution in Israel — Dr. Amos Shapiro

January 3: Public policymaking in Israel — Prof. Yehoshua Dror

January 10: Israeli politics after the war — Prof. Asher Arian

January 17: The judicial body of the State — Justice Haim H. Cohen

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## the israel museum, jerusalem this week at the museum

Tues., Dec. 11, 1973 4 and 6 p.m. ART FILM CLUB "Borsalino" (France/Italy, 1970) Dr. Jacques Dery With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Alain Delon, and Michael Boughet

Tues., Dec. 11, 1973 5 p.m. EXHIBITION OPENING "The Dr. Norman P. Schonker Hebrew Seal Section" Friends of the Museum are cordially invited

Tues., Dec. 11, 1973 8.30 & 6 p.m. OTHER EVENTS "Jerusalem Triptych" A multiprojection presentation by Werner Braun. All proceeds to the Soldiers Welfare Association

## EXHIBITIONS

Opening The Dr. Norman P. Shenker Hebrew Seal Section (11.12.73)

Continuing Henry Moore, Elephant Skull (Cohen Hall)

Land of Dolls (Weinstein Gallery)

The First International Triennale of Photography (Sperius, Goldman-Schwartz & Library Galleries)

Inscriptions Reveal — Special exhibit at Rockefeller

## SPECIAL EXHIBIT

A leaf of the Gutenberg Bible

42-line Bible, Biblia Latina, Saint Luke, chapters XXI-XXII.

Printed on paper, in Mainz, ca. 1452-1455

Provenance: Collections Harold J. Makor, New Jersey; Walter Jacobson, Chicago.

Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jacobson, Chicago, 1973

## VISITING HOURS

Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.—4 p.m.

Tues. Shrine of the Book 10 a.m.—6 p.m.

Museum 10 a.m.—6 p.m.

Rockefeller 10 a.m.—6 p.m.

Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.—2 p.m.

## Israel Theatres

### Haifa Municipal Theatre

DIFFICULT PEOPLE

A kind of comedy "Crisp stage management, wonderful acting."

A. Zarfat, Davor

Haifa Sat., Dec. 16 8 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 16 8 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 17 8 p.m.

### The Cameri Theatre

Premieres PLAZA HOTEL

Comedy

Tel Aviv Mon., Dec. 10 8 p.m.

Zahal, Wed., Dec. 12 8 p.m.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Haifa Sat., Dec. 8 8 p.m.

Tel Aviv Sat., Dec. 8 8 p.m.

Tues., Dec. 11 8 p.m.

Haifa Theatre performance

LAST TREATMENTS

"An excellent play."

Tel Aviv Sat., Dec. 8 8 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 9 8 p.m.

Haifa Sat., Dec. 8 8 p.m.

Tues., Dec. 11 8 p.m.

Wed., Dec. 12 8 p.m.

Haifa Theatre performance

AS YOU LIKE IT

Sat., Dec. 8 8 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 9 8 p.m.

Mon., Dec. 10 8 p.m.

Tues., Dec. 11 8 p.m.

Wed., Dec. 12 8 p.m.

Thurs., Dec. 13 8 p.m.

Sat., Dec. 15 8 p.m.

Tickets for the Tel Aviv performance will be IL\$ until Dec. 15

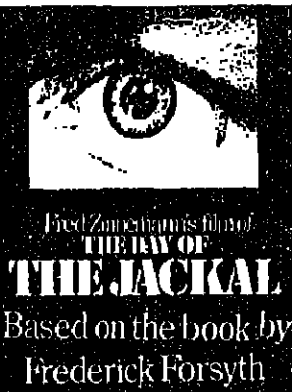


## Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7.15 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.  
Weekdays at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.  
See times of performance of individual cinemas

ALLENBY Tel. 57820

Sat. 7, 9.30  
4.30, 7.00, 9.30  
Please be on time  
11th week



Based on the book by Frederick Forsyth

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 228409

2nd week  
**CALIBER 9**  
GASTON MICHON

CINEMA ONE Tel. 57962

3rd week  
**ROOMMATE**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30



7.15, 9.30

**55 DAYS IN PEKING**

CHARLTON HESTON  
AVA GARDNER  
DAVID NIVEN

CHEN Tel. 282288

5th week  
HELMUT BERGER

**THE WOUNDED BUTTERFLY**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL Tel. 414114/5

7.15, 9.30  
**TO SIR**

**WITH LOVE**  
SYDNEY POITIER  
JUDY GWESON

EDEN Tel. 57450

Colourful  
Turkish Film

**ZEHRA**  
4.00, 6.00, 8.00

ESTHER Tel. 225610

3rd week  
PAUL NEWMAN

DOMINIQUE NANDA  
JAMES MASON

**The Mackintosh Man**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.  
Weekdays: 4.00

AIKON Tel. 224829

A film truly of our times  
**JOE**

CHEN Tel. 224055

Starting Friday at 3 p.m.  
**Ben and Charlie**

EDEN Tel. 223829

HUNT LANCASTER  
In the tough and violent Western

**ULZANA'S RAID**

EDISON Tel. 224056

RAJ RAYPU  
In the great Indian Film

**Kalaat aur Kal**

ORNA Tel. 224738

Starting Friday at 3 p.m.  
JIM BROWN

MARTIN LANDAU  
In

**BLACK GUN**

ORGIL Tel. 222955

2nd week  
PAVIAN TESTI  
CARRY DAL

**SOLAG**

HOD Tel. 226226

14th week  
STEVE McQUEEN  
ALL McQUEEN

**THE GETAWAY**

Directed by: Sam Peckinpah  
National General Films  
Distribution: Noah Films  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORDAN Tel. 282288

5th week  
HELMUT BERGER

**THE WOUNDED BUTTERFLY**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL Tel. 414114/5

7.15, 9.30  
**TO SIR**

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EDEN Tel. 57450

Colourful  
Turkish Film

**ZEHRA**  
4.00, 6.00, 8.00

ESTHER Tel. 225610

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**The Mackintosh Man**  
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Daily at 7.00 and 9.00 p.m. — Matinee at 4.00 p.m.

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664018

RICHARD ROUNDHEAD in  
**Shaft in Africa**  
In Metrocolor and Panavision

ARMON Tel. 664848

SEAN CONNERY  
returns as James Bond 007  
In Ian Fleming's

**YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE**  
Technicolor

ATZMON Tel. 663003

3rd week  
The greatest suspense of  
this year

**THE GETAWAY**  
STEVE McQUEEN  
ALL McQUEEN

**KLUTE**

RON TEL. 224704

HELMUT BERGER  
In the fascinating love story

**The Butterfly**

SEMAPAR Tel. 33742

3rd week  
CLINT EASTWOOD  
ELIA WALLACH  
LEE VAN CLEVE

**The Good, The Bad and The Ugly**  
Only one performance at  
8.45 p.m.

CHEN Tel. 660272

Woody Allen's  
**Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex But Were Afraid To Ask**  
For all ages

MIRON Tel. 663003

From Friday  
six nonstop perfs.  
A great karate and suspense  
film

**THE STORMY SUN**  
Technicolor

MOEHA Tel. 224277

One of the most entertaining  
films ever starring  
JANE FONDA and  
ROBERT REDFORD in

**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**  
Technicolor  
Perfs. 8.45, 9.00

RAMAT AVIV Tel. 412761

**THE HEIST**  
GOLDIE HAWN  
Tues. at 4.30: TARZAN

STUDIO Tel. 55817

3rd week  
**Journal Intime**

D'une  
**Dem-Vierge**  
Adults only  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TORELET Tel. 448960

14th week  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**Play It Again, Sam**  
WOODY ALLEN

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181

3rd week  
You'll enjoy a healthy laugh  
during the entire show of

**Even Angels**

**Eat Beans**  
GUILLIANO GEMIA  
RUD SPENCER

PARIS Tel. 236805

CHARLES BRONSON  
**HOUSE OF WAX**

PEER Tel. 448705

2nd week  
**L'HERITIER**

JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO

**PETE N' TILLIE**  
WALTER MATTHAU  
CAROL BURNETT  
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